SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
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BRIAR PATCH



1915

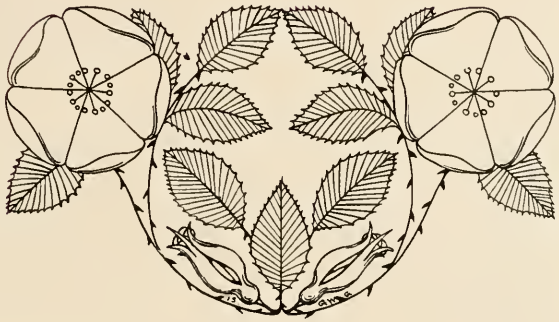
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BRIAR PATCH
1915



PUBLISHED BY
THE JUNIOR CLASS
of
SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
SWEET BRIAR · VIRGINIA



FOREWORD

In this, our fifth annual, edited for the first time by the Junior Class, we have tried to put all that in future time may serve to call up happy memories of their last year at college to the Class of 1915, in whose honor the year book is made, and also to every student at Sweet Briar. We ask only that our readers will pass lenient judgment upon the book, and will make allowance for the fact that the task of "growing a BRIAR PATCH*" is somewhat difficult.*

THE EDITORS.





This volume of the "Briar Patch"
is dedicated to
WILLIAM BLAND DEW
in appreciation of his intelligent
service and unfailing loyalty
to our Alma Mater

BRIAR PATCH

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IN MEMORIAM

Dorothy Hodge

PARIS, ILLINOIS

1896–1914

MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF 1917



SENIORS.



1915.

Senior Class

Colors: Lavender and Green Tree: White Pine

Flower: Lilac

Motto: *"Speetamur Agendo"*

OFFICERS

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Harriet Evans *Vice-President*
Clare Erck *Secretary*
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CLASS ROLL

Clare Erck Margaret Grant
Harriet Evans Frances Pennypacker
Anne Schutte
Louise Weisiger

BRIAR PATCH

CLARE ERCK

Head of Lake, 1910-11; Athletic Executive, 1910-11; "Rippler"; Head of Lake, 1911-12; Athletic Executive, 1911-12; President of Class of 1916, 1912-13, 1913-14; Chairman of Pageant Committee, 1913; Chairman May Day Committee, 1914; Pageant Committee, 1914-15; Treasurer of Student Government Association, 1913-14; Vice-President of Athletics, 1913-14, 1914-15; Head of Lake, 1913-14; Vice-President College Club, 1913-14; President of College Club, 1914-15; Head of Basket-Ball, 1915; Secretary of Senior Class; Captain of College Basket-Ball, 1913-14, 1914-15.

By a unanimous vote, her stockings have been voted Clare's most distinguishing feature this year—though in all justice to the natural features of which her physiognomy is composed, be it said that she was unable to enter her eyes and nose into the competition, because they were temporarily lost under her hair. Her worst crime consists in having forced two honest, hard-working girls out of their only means of eking out a miserable livelihood—Annette Kellerman and Luisa Tetrazzini. When Annette first saw Clare swimming she cried out in anguish, "O Mother! the carbolic!" but her anguish seemed like pure joy in comparison with Luisa's emotion on hearing Clare's first note.







HARRIET EVANS

Vice-President of Class, 1911-12; President of Class, 1912-13, 1913-14; Vice-President of Class, 1914-15; Business Manager of Magazine, 1912-13; Business Manager of BRIAR PATCH, 1913-14; Student Government Executive, 1913-14; College Club Executive, 1913-14; Choir; "Merry Jester"; President of "Sorrel Tops," 1913-14; President of Student Government Association, 1914-15; Dramatic Committee, 1914-15.

In a book of synonyms, "Harriet Evans" would be synonymous for many polished and refined phrases, such as "Miss Benedict's aide-de-camp," "the bulwark of our college," and "the source of our strength." Without her, order and quiet this year would be as extinct as the dodo bird or the ichthyosaurus, and Student Government would have limped about on one crippled leg instead of marching stolidly forth on four. For all that she has done for the organization and for each one of us individually, we all together, unanimously, and without one dissenting voice, exclaim, "Thank you, Harriet!"



MARGARET GRANT

German Club; College Basket-Ball Team, 1911-12, 1914-15; Chairman Final Play, 1912-13, 1913-14; Art Editor of BRIAR PATCH, 1913-14; Executive of Student Government Association, 1913-14; Editor-in-Chief of Magazine, 1913-14; Class Historian, 1913-14; Choir, 1914-15; "Rippler"; Orchestra, 1912-13, 1913-14, 1914-15; Class Basket-Ball Team, 1914-15; Class Tennis Team, 1913-14; Senior Class President; Vice-President Student Government Association, 1914-15; Treasurer Young Women's Christian Association, 1914-15; Chairman Devotional Committee, 1914-15.

ENDMAN: Mr. Bones, how would you draw a 'pressionistic po'trait ob Margaret Grant?

MR. BONES: Wal, Ah reckon Ah dunno how Ah'd draw a 'pressionistic pictuah ob Margaret Grant. How would *you* draw a 'pressionistic pictuah ob Margaret Grant?

ENDMAN: Wal, Mr. Bones, Ah'd draw two big circles foh two eyes, an' one li'l circle foh a nose, an' a big circle foh a mouth. Den Ah'd draw anothah big circle foh de face.

MR. BONES: That'll do, that'll do! But why wud yuh draw de lady's po'trait all in circles?

ENDMAN: Why, doan yuh know dat? It's 'cause she's de mos' all-roun' gal in college!

With the exception of her eyebrows, of which, incidentally, she is very proud, Margaret is certainly our most "all-roun'" girl, for there is not one field of college activities in which she does not gambol about in the very first ranks.







FRANCES PENNYPACKER

College Basket-Ball Team, 1911-12; German Club, 1912-13; Vice-President of Class, 1912-13; Secretary of German Club, 1913-14; Treasurer of Class, 1913-14; Campus Committee, 1913-14; Treasurer of Class, 1914-15; Business Manager of Magazine, 1914-15; Cabinet of Young Women's Christian Association, 1914-15; Chairman of Campus Committee, 1914-15; Honor Council, 1913-14.

Frances is probably the best living example of the truth of that ancient proverb, "Great oaks from little acorns grow." The acorn is to be seen on her personal page among "Seniors Viewed and Reviewed," its short skirts flaunting coquettishly across the page. The great oak, with the exception of its roots, which the photographer didn't include, is to the left. Frances has grown in more directions than upward, however. She has grown to the dignity of her cap and gown without apparent difficulty; she has grown quite fond of cleaning up the campus; she has grown to be an expert in all biological matters, and as business manager of the magazine she has grown invaluable. Three groans!



BRIAR PATCH

ANNE SCHUTTE



"Rippler"; Vice-President of Athletic Association, 1912-13; Secretary of Student Government Association, 1912-13; Secretary of Young Women's Christian Association, 1913-14; Business Manager of Sweet Briar Song Book Committee; Vice-President of Student Government Association, 1913-14; Assistant Art Editor of Annual, 1913-14; Junior Tennis Team, 1913-14; Vice-President of Class, 1913-14; President of Young Women's Christian Association, 1914-15; Member of Executive Committee of Student Government Association, 1914-15; Member of Executive Committee of College Club, 1914-15; Historian of Class, 1914-15; Editor of Students' Handbook, 1914-15.

ME: Well, Anne, I heard some one say a lot of nice things about you the other day. Guess who it was?

ANNE: Miss Benedict?

ME: No, guess again!

ANNE: Miss Howland?

ME: No, one guess more!

ANNE: Dr. Lewis?

ME: No, but I'll tell you.

ANNE: Who was it?

ME: It was yourself!

The worst feature of the verbal bouquets with which Anne continually pelts her own personality is that they are no base imitation, but the real thing. She says she's clever, and she is; she says she's "in right" with the faculty and the girls, and she is; but there are a few things that she *doesn't* say about herself that are equally true. First, that as queen of bluffers she ought to be tendered a laurel crown, and, second, that she has steered Y. W. C. A. through the year with great ability.



BRIAR PATCH



LOUISE PAGE WEISIGER

Class Historian, 1912-13; Secretary of Class, 1913-14; Magazine Staff, 1913-14; Cabinet of Young Women's Christian Association, 1913-14; German Club, 1913-14; Secretary of Student Government Association, 1914-15; Honor Council, 1914-15; Magazine Staff, 1914-15.

If the sphinx were asked why the Pierian spring is no more, that lady (or is it an animal, or both?) would answer, "Louise Weisiger." That is the correct answer. Acting upon the advice of Pope, Louise has drunk so deeply of the waters of the famous spring that she has left only a few drops to be distributed among the rest of the student body. And yet, contradictory to the fact that she is a regular fish in regard to drinking, in every other respect she is a shark. If it weren't for her, what would the magazine do? If it weren't for her, what would Grammer do? And if it weren't for her, what would Student Government do? Oh, questions too deep for the sphinx!



Senior History

As Freshmen here at Sweet Briar,
Although a trifle green,
We were not quite as bungling
As some Freshmen we have seen.
We did our duties willingly,
Whenever there was need—
That is, requests from Upper Classmen
Only did we heed!
For the Sophomores were wary
Of our number great and strong
And never interfered with us,
No—not the whole year long—
And when the Juniors gave their play
We danced as Freshmen roses
And swayed there in their garden
With many graceful poses.
We showed our prowess, too, that year,
By skillfully debating,
And roundly beat the Sophomores,
Our facts more clearly stating.
Another class then met defeat
(I'll mention it in whispers,
For we rarely ever speak of it
Because they were our sisters),
As Sophomores, I must confess,
We, by our clever wits,
Led many silly Freshmen
Into dark and awful pits,
And taught them by experience
What then was common knowledge,
That our class, *nineteen fifteen,*
Was just the best in college.
We showed our true class spirit

By gaining many banners,
But all the while remembered that
We keep our courteous manners.
As Juniors, then, we in our turn
Thought much of things more serious:
We carried Senior subjects
And gained an air imperious.
Philosophy, as all agree,
Gives to the mind that quality
That demonstrates its worth.
And now our *Senior* Year has come,
And it is best of all!
We rule with such a steady hand
That all before us fall.
Our *Senior Defereuce* will be
Handed to posterity,
Introduced by us.
So let all future classes
Acknowledge to the masses,
And let them all discuss
The merits of our worthy class,
Our class of *nine-fifteen.*

JUNIORS.



Junior Class

Colors: Amethyst and Gold Flower: Clematis

Motto: *"Facta non verba"*

OFFICERS

Margaret Banister *President*
Antoinette Camp *Vice-President*
Ellen Howison *Secretary and Treasurer*
Constance Russell *Class Historian*

CLASS ROLL

Margaret Banister
Antoinette Camp
Ellen Howison
Felicia Patton
Mary Pennypacker
Constance Russell
Jean Stockdale
Rebecca Stout

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Gascoigne
Rachel Forbush

BRIAR PATCH



MARGARET BANISTER

If "Ban" is ever troubled by ghosts, she will know that Erasmus is haunting her for easing his catch advertising phrase. As a "citizen of the world" she is becoming a greater success every year. Her recent removal to Philadelphia adds another home town to her collection. Ban is an ardent collector along other lines as well. She collected points until she was caught, and had to resign her positions on the magazine and Y. W. C. A.



ANTOINETTE CAMP

"What makes the men love Antoinette?"
The scholars all inquire.
" 'Cause 'Antie' loves the men, you know!"
Our teacher said with ire.

In brief, Men, Music, and Much Clothes has Antoinette. The latter item occupies so much of her time that she might be called "Mistress of the Wardrobe" in real life as well as on the dramatic committees.

BRIAR PATCH



ELLEN HOWISON

There must necessarily be a blank beside Ellen's picture, not because she is a blank herself, but because in her position of Editor-in-Chief of the Annual she constitutes a national board of censorship, and would let none of the dark secrets of her past get by.



FELICIA PATTON

To all appearances, Felicia is a gentle, refined lady of noble lineage, but when in the presence of the faculty her inner nature is revealed. On one occasion she was even known to address one of her most dignified instructors by her first name. Her lack of dignity is shown by her preference for walking on her hands, knees, and nose, instead of on her feet, as over at the Taits'.

BRIAR PATCH



MARY PENNYPACKER

Some one went to Ithaca;
Oh, she was wondrous wise!
She took some rouge and powder, too,
And pencil for her eyes.

Was this our Mary? Oh, naughty, naughty!



CONSTANCE RUSSELL

Since Connie has been nursing aspirations of succeeding Ibsen as the problem-play writer of the future, she has sought to efface the memory of her bubble-blowing and other low-comedian talents. Some people attribute her serious turn of mind to discouragement at the chilly reception which she and Margaret McVey received at the North Pole, but "Onija" has hinted that it is due to Roddie's departure for the far west.

BRIAR PATCH



JEAN STOCKDALE

When Jean leaves chapel on Monday morning (for a class, as she conscientiously assures us, though dark rumors have spread that it is really for a rendezvous with Miss Morenus), the Student Government meeting immediately undergoes a drop of several degrees in tone, due to the absence of her intellectual powers. Jean is a high flyer in more ways than one. Her voice is high, her marks in Mathematics are high, and her bills at the tea house, after treating many members of the faculty to chicken salad, are very high.

REBECCA STOUT

No less accomplished than beautiful, she can dance, dress, and draw men, pictures, and stitches. As a recreation, she indulges her passion for chemics and horticulture, though sometimes confusing the two, as when she mistook sulphuric acid for a rose, to the great discomfiture of her olfactory organ.



Junior Class History

THE FABLE OF 1916

(With Apologies to George Ade)

MOST Class Histories resemble the sentimental Mush a Maiden Lady usually engraves on the Tombstone of her pet Poodle. If the Poodle ever sneaked out from his hidden Lair in the Happy Hunting Ground and saw the Rot printed over his Grave, he would be charmed and pleased to go back in again.

He would know he couldn't ever hope to live up to the Rep his doting Mistress had given him.

It is the same way with Class Histories. They are all a variegated Nosegay of Lies that the Class can never live either down or up to. It wouldn't want to. If it thought it was as near the last step to Perfection as it is represented, it would stub one Toe against another Toe on Purpose and sit down.

The Historian seems to feel that she will get a star-raising Swat in the region of her Cerebral Hemispheres if she doesn't lie like a Trooper and say her Class is the only One that never showed the larva Form of a Fault.

I am not afraid of the Swat in the Bean because the Chief Magistrate of our Class is so Thin that she has to swallow 16 Ounces of pure Lead before she can make a Fly feel dizzy.

But Conventionality has grabbed my Hair in one Hand, and if I should try a new Departure in Class Histories and start to write the Truth, I should be jerked up.

Our first year here bore a family resemblance to the first year of every other Class. Only a prejudiced Mother could have distinguished any difference.

Of course the Sophomores considered Us only as Bugs too big to be stepped on. They couldn't poison us with Powder, either; so they hung Sang Froid about their ears and made a Big Pretense of giving Us the cold Shoulder.

But we could see that Worry was their mother's Maiden Name, and that they had begun to appliqué Anxiety on to their Features.

Those were the Days of Rapid Action and the Nights of Tall Hustling. We blackmailed the Shop Clerk at Guggenheimer's.

The Outcome was a Banner.

Of course We felt Big.

We hung our Emblem on the Refectory, and then we sat down to listen to the crawling of the Sophomores' flesh. The Sound was Music to our Auditory Organs. *Tout ensemble* we rendered a stirring Carol of the March we copped on the Sophs. But that Episode did not sound the last trumpet Call to our Fame during that first year.

In the Spring we went in for Tennis—Freshmen always do—and because the Gink that held the urn was sleeping at the Switch, we grabbed the Cup and made a clean Get-away.

That made us feel like Big Bugs, and the other classes like degenerate Gnats aimlessly buzzing around a rotten Banana.

Our Sophomore year was dented in the middle by one Big Success. Otherwise it presented the photographic Appearance of the product of that domesticated Biped, the Hen—or an overgrown zero. The one Big Success was the Affair of the Caps and Gowns. Since it has been stuck into all the Modern American Histories on Page sixty-nine beside the Life-size portrait of Valley Forge, I need only say that in that affair We sicked Fear onto the Juniors. It made them both pie-Eyed and slue-Toed They began to think we were unrefined Bums, but the Seniors put us down in their Social Register as their right-hand Men. Success almost robbed us of our Perspective.

Ambition whispered Sweet Nothings in our Ears, and we determined to pry a room loose from Miss Carroll to use for Class Purposes. We named it The Sophomore Study.

The Name was just a Blind. It suited the Room as well as the Appellative Gwendolyn suits a cross-eyed girl without any Teeth, but we draped it becomingly in our Class Dewdads and thought the Elevator had taken Us up two flights in the Hall of Fame.

This year Public Opinion ranks us Half-way between Congress and the French Academy. We really are the Whole Cheese, but not the common Mouse Variety. We have some genuine Schweitzer holes in our flanks because some of our Members decided our Pace was too swift for Them. They preferred to grow the common garden Variety of domestic Capabilities at home rather than to raise an ornamental Hedge of Higher Education here.

BRIAR PATCH

In the choice of their Vegetations they made a great Error. for some men prefer Intellect to Apple Pie and Doughnuts.

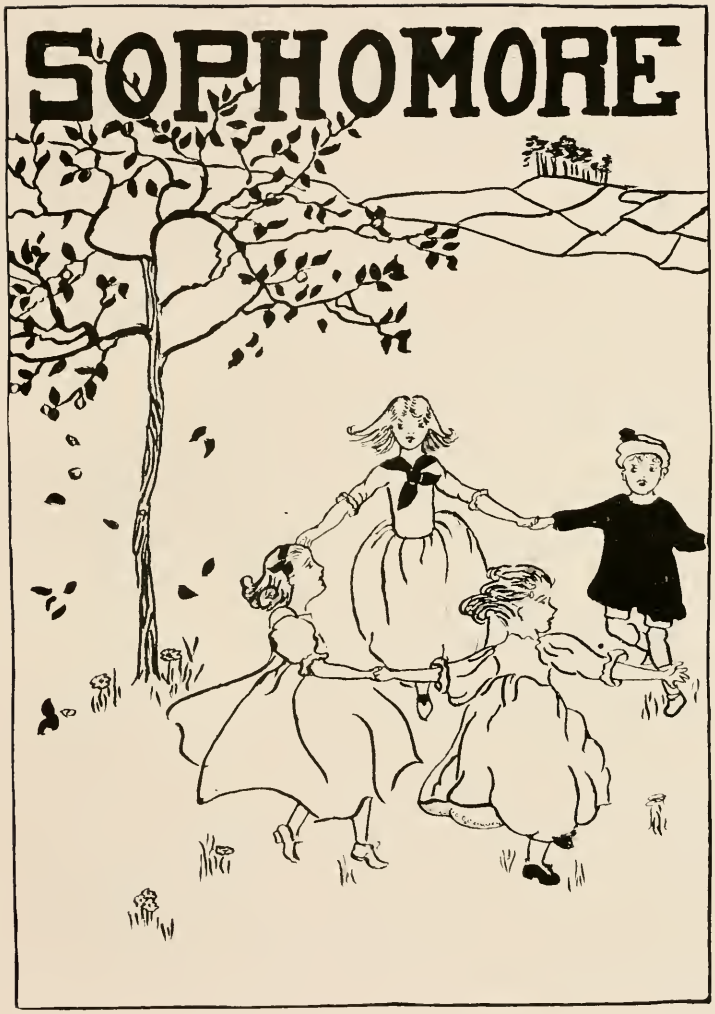
As a Class, we are what Homer terms O. K. None of us has ever obeyed that Impulse and gone swinging across the Verdant Campus smoking Fatimas in the inimitable Manner in which a deficient Chimney Flue smokes up a House.

Though Temptations surround us here in the Country like leaves the Head of a Cauliflower, we have never indulged our Craving for strong alcoholic drinks. As one, we have ever downed King Alcohol and flouted the Demon Rum. There is not one first-class Murderer among us—and not even a Thief that would Pass in a Crowd of one thousand infuriated Citizens.

In other Words, the Moral is this: If we did as many Things as we don't do, the directors of our College would Frame our photos in Gilt and place them in a Cabinet.






SOPHOMORE



Sophomore Class

Sophomore Class

Colors: Peacock Blue and Green Class Bird: Peacock

Motto: *"Honor ante Honores"*

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Zalinda Brown *President*
Virginia Sandmeyer *Vice-President*
Floy Huntley *Secretary*
Margaret Gibson *Treasurer*
Genie Morgan Steele *Historian*

CLASS ROLL

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Louise Bennett
Zalinda Brown
Mary Bissell
Helen Bull
Edith Christie
Henrietta Crump
Martha Darden
Margaret Gibson
Floy Huntley
Rachel Lloyd
Nancy Munce
Ruth McIlravy
Bertha Peister
Dorothy Purcell
Virginia Sandmeyer
Genie Morgan Steele
Bessie Whittet
Mary Whitehead

HONORARY MEMBER

Miss Louisa Stone Stevenson

Sophomore Class History

ACT I.

TIME: *1913-'14*

SCENE: *Sweet Briar College*

CHARACTERS.

1917: Any greenhorn.
1916: A wise, haughty young lady.
1915: A nice, motherly soul.
1914: A reverend, dignified young woman.

SCENE I.

Enter 1917 *with suit-case, sets it down and stands over it with a scared air.*

1917. What *do* I do next?

Enter 1915.

1915. Oh, there you are, my dear. I am your sister class now; so sit right down here and let me give you some advice. First, do you see that haughty young lady walking along the arcade as if she owned the earth? That is 1916, and one of your deadly enemies. She will try to take you in hand and teach you that *you* are *Nobody* and she is *Everybody*. But pay her no attention and she will not harm you. That paragon of learning you see walking toward the Academic Building, with glasses on and a book under her arm, is 1914. She thinks we all look up to her, but really she knows very little, except about Parliamentary Law and Athletics. Now, as I said before, I am your sister, and whenever you want to know anything, come to me. And look out for '16 and '14.

1917. [*Drawing a deep breath.*] Oh, thank you, kind sister. I will try to remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Several weeks have passed.*

Enter 1914 *all in a flurry.*

1914. Where, oh! where have our caps and gowns gone?

Enter 1915 *in a red bathrobe and a pasteboard cap.*

1915. [*As if to herself.*] Well, I have certainly had a most promising pupil in 1917. She has learned more in the last few weeks than any other Freshman has learned in a year. She fairly runs away from me.

Enter 1916 *bearing a pasteboard box.*

1916. Here, sister 1914, here are some caps and gowns that the faculty has lent us. Won't these do?

1914. No! We want *our own* before Founder's Day.

1916. Well, let's look for '17 and make her tell. [*Exeunt, looking for* 1917.

SCENE III. *After several months.*

Enter '17 *in red Pierrot costume, all excited.*

1917. My goodness, but that gym was hard to decorate! Now, if '16 will only behave to-night, and this party can come off all right! I certainly feel my responsibility, entertaining the College Club like this.

Enter 1915.

1915. My dear young sister, I am proud of you, and think you are a credit to my teaching. Your party is a great success.

Enter 1916 *and* 1914. *Pantomime of burying the hatchet at the gym door.*

SCENE IV.

Enter 1917 *tooting an automobile horn.*

1917. Well, I certainly did enjoy my ride in that Soph machine. I really wonder what they ordered it for, they surely haven't used it. They were most kind in allowing us the use of it. Now, I *wonder* what they are up to. The footsteps in the snow around the chapel last night were most amusing to me locked in the inside. I believe I really like being a Freshman, after all. So much notice is taken of one when one is a Freshman. [*Exit with a satisfied smile.*

CHORUS.

Politeness, let me tell you, is a very gentle art:
It softens all asperity and soothes the wounded heart.
For instance, in September, when the witty Freshmen came,
The upper classes did these rules and regulations frame:
"You mustn't touch our caps and gowns, for they're to be revered,
And if you try to give a play, we're greatly to be feared.
The tennis cup is in our grasp, we'll never with it part."
We bowed and smiled and looked as if
We took them all to heart, but—
We broke them so politely, politely, politely,
We broke them so politely,
That they were not even riled.

We set the standard higher
Of freshness at Sweet Briar,
But we did it so politely
That they all looked on and smiled!

ACT II.

TIME: *1914-'15.*

SCENE: *Sweet Briar College.*

CHARACTERS.

1918: A new greenhorn.
1917: A wise, knowing young lady.
1916: A nice, motherly soul (*now*).
1915: A dignified young woman, and friend of 1917.

SCENE I.

Enter 1917, *suit-case plastered with dorm-tags.*

1917. I saw the funniest looking creature coming up in the 'bus. 1916 met her in front of the refectory and called her 1918. I'm sure *I* was not like that when I was a Freshman. I must see if I can't teach her something.

Enter 1915.

1915. Ah, there you are, my dear. You already look like a Sophomore, and don't you admire my new dignity? Sit down and tell me what you intend to do this year.

1917. [*Airily.*] Well, in the first place, I'm going to see that 1918 is taught her inferiority to me. She seems quite a forward creature, and has already shown signs of developing into quite a nuisance on occasion. Then I'm going to take charge of Athletics, and repeat in basket-ball what I did in tennis last year—win the Championship. Incidentally, I am going to superintend Founder's Day dance.

1915. [*Admiringly.*] Well, good luck and success to you, Soph. Good-bye.

[*Exeunt in opposite directions.*

SCENE II.

Enter 1917 *triumphantly bearing a basket-ball. Noise of weeping at back of stage, where* 1918 *enters, wearing a wreath of willow. Enter* 1915, *with wreath of laurel.*

1915. All hail, thou champion of class basket-ball!

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE III.

Music of "Ancient of Days." Enter 1917 *slowly marching down aisle, bearing marshal's baton, followed by Seniors in caps and gowns.* 1918 *seen craning her neck to get a glance.*

1918. [*Enviously.*] My, but don't I wish I could do that! [*Exit procession.*

SCENE IV.

Meeting of College Club, 1915 *presiding;* 1918, *grown more self-assured and confident, speaking.*

1918. Well, Madame President, when I work hard to get up a show, and spend so much time learning the lines, I don't want it busted up. I don't want to stop class demonstrations, but I don't want 1917 to run away with the heroine or steal the costumes after I've had the trouble of getting up the show. Besides, as long as I am so much stronger than '17, it looks as if she would need some protection too.

1917. [*Rising and grinning.*] I always have been able to take care of myself in the past, and can continue to do so in the future. You don't need to look out for me, and if *that* is what you are doing this for——thanks just the same, but don't mind me. And if you are so afraid of physical violence, I'll promise not to hurt you.

1918. [*With wry grin.*] Madame President, I withdraw my motion!

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE V.

Funeral procession crosses the stage. The "Lady of Lyons" is dead.

1917. [*Reading funeral oration.*] "The Freshmen, in a meeting of the College Club, announced that they would not object to an advertisement of their play.

"As such plays as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Down East' are usually advertised by gaudy and yet attractive *pe*-rades, we fully intended to bring the 'Lady of Lyons' to the attention of the public in this way. Since the violent, sudden, and unexpected death of the afore-mentioned Lady, due to obstacles which to a company of novices in the art of acting were insurmountable, there is nothing left to advertise except the fact that the Freshmen, according to their own confession, started something they couldn't finish.

"The cast, as you perceive, are lamenting; we know not whether they bemoan their lost heroine or the time they spent in learning their lines. The rest of the Freshman Class took her death very calmly, due to the fact that they knew nothing of it.

"In accordance with the sign posted that we would present the 'Lady of Lyons' in the gym at 2 o'clock, all her sorrowing friends will find her there presented to view." [*Curtain.*]





FRESHMAN



Freshman Class

Freshman Class

Colors: Black and Green Flower: Honeysuckle

Tree: Holly

Motto: *Ne Obliviscamur*

Mascot: Polly Carey Dew

OFFICERS

Julia Barber_____*President*
Juliette Kirker_____*Vice-President*
Elizabeth Wilson_____*Secretary*
Frances Myers_____*Treasurer*

CLASS ROLL

Dorothy Allen
Vivienne Barkalow
Iloe Bowers
Ruth Boettcher
Priscilla Brown
Imogene Burch
Cornelia Carroll
Louise Case
Florence Chapin
Fannie Davis
Dorothy Day
Virginia Eaglesfield
Amy Elliott
Helen Farrar
Helen Fletcher
Marian Hill
Gertrude Kintzing
Elizabeth Lowman
Grace MacBain
Margaret McCluer
Mary McDonald
Marjorie MacDonough
Margaret McVey
Elizabeth Madson
Catherine Marshall
Marianne Martin
Charlotte More
Elsa Morgenroth
Ellen Owen
Ruth Plain
Jane Pratt
Mary Reed
Helen Redmund
Elizabeth Saunders
Charlotte Seaver
Alma Sinsel
Inez Skillern
Eleanor Smith
Eleanette Sollitt
Elsie Tinley
Ethel Tomb
Martha Whitehead
Frances Wild
Virginia Williams
Hannah Workum

HONORARY MEMBER

Miss Wilson

Freshman History



We came to Sweet Briar College to get some learnin' here;
We've gained a bit of knowledge, too, in this, our Freshman year.
Along with all the learnin', we've had our share o' fun,
And now we're going to tell you about some things we've done.

STANZA I

We went into the chapel on a calm and quiet night,
To hold our class elections, and then began a fight;
The Soph'mores swiped our president, and tried to run away,
But soon we got her back again and we have this to say:

The Soph'mores knew our value,
The Soph'mores knew we'd pass;
Why did they take our president?
Why, to organize their class.

REFRAIN:

It's Freshie this, and Freshie that,
And poor little Freshie, too;
But it's "Thank you, little Freshie,"
When we show them what to do.





STANZA II

We aren't no bashing braggarts, now we'll leave all that to you.
But we can climb up any tree, and get their numerals, too.
If it's five o'clock in the morning, or twelve o'clock at night,
We'll get that bloomin' banner down if it's flaunted in our sight.
They found that we could help them,
For you know they think we're fine:
Why did they borrow our shoe-polish?
Why, to make their numerals shine!

REFRAIN:

Oh, it's Freshie this, and Freshie that,
And Freshie now "skidoo"—
But it's "Thank you, little Freshie,"
When there's something we can do.

STANZA III

The Soph'mores planned a banquet. We met it with a jeer.
And so they up and sez to us, "We'll have no Freshies here."
They draped themselves around the door, a golf-club in each hand;
Now we were quite a harmless class to meet with such a band.
They decided to invite us when they got the tables laid.
How could they give a banquet with no menu and no maid?

REFRAIN:

Oh, it's Freshie this, and Freshie that,
And Freshie, don't be 'fraid;
But it's "Thank you, little Freshie!"
When they find they need a maid!



STANZA IV

They talked of banner-rushes, and fights, and what they'd done.
They said they had the spirit, and vowed that we had none.
They thought they really had our play, and never ceased to tease.
But Freshie ain't no little fool!—you bet that Freshie sees!
They worked hard on a "take-off" in a certain Senior's suite.
But when we published their mistake, they admitted their defeat.

REFRAIN:

Oh, it's Freshie this, and Freshie that,
And Freshie, you amuse!
But it's "Clever little Freshie,"
When they find it's all a ruse.



STANZA V

Now, if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
You know it takes four years to develop into saints:
And though we fight and squabble with each Sophie that we meet,
We confess we like them every one, and think they can't be beat.
And as we struggle onward, we'll stick to the black and green,
For the "peppiest" class in college is old Nineteen-eighteen.

REFRAIN:

Though it's Freshie this, and Freshie that,
And "Poor little Freshie," too,
We'll fight our way through Sweet Briar,
And prove our worth to you.

(Apologies to Kipling.)



SUB-FRESHMAN.

1919.





Sub-Freshman Class

Sub-Freshman Class

Colors: Peacock Blue and Gold Flower: Yellow Rose

Motto: *"Una Remigemus"*

OFFICERS

Janetta Fitzhugh ---------- *President*
Mary Tutwiler ---------- *Vice-President*
Anna Beveridge ---------- *Secretary and Treasurer*

CLASS ROLL

Mary Bertha Allison
Mary Martha Armstrong
Mary Barber
Helen Beeson
Gertrude Birkhoff
Anna Beveridge
Dorothy Board
Mildred Borb
Helen Browne
Olive Burton
Helen Chase
Isabelle Chapa
Julia Cooke
Mildred Curtis
Elizabeth Davis
Mary DeLong
Lucy Dewey
Geraldine Doré
Helen Duke
Avonne Dycus
Virginia Emmert
Fanita Ferris
Janetta Fitzhugh
Mary Gates
Gillian Goodall
Cilla Guggenheimer
Mary Hatton
Elizabeth Harper
Lavinia Haviland
Elizabeth Hopper
Miriam Jones
Margaret Kaufman
Frances Lewis
Helen Mason
Cornelia Mayfield
Helen Mitchell
Donna Moore
Evelyn Molly
Grace Mountcastle
Virginia McEwan
Rebecca McGeorge
King Nelson
Willie Neville
Bergetta Owen
Martha Rae
Matilde Richardson
Frances Robertson
Lois Sauters
Mildred Smythe
Ruth Smythe
Harrietta Spafford
Mary Spencer
Eleanor Staley
Marina Stiles
Pauline Stachlin
Hildegarde Storey
Helen Strohbar
Dorothy Sykes
Inez Tress
Jennie Thompson
Catherine Tonsmeire
Almeria Turman
Frances Turpin
Mary Tutwiler
Anne Valentine
Martha Valentine
Marguerite Waite
Catherine Wales
Rachel Walker
Elizabeth Ward
Elizabeth Woodard

HONORARY MEMBER

Miss Nannie Timberlake

BRIAR PATCH

ASSOCIATION *of* ALUMNÆ AND FORMER STUDENTS *of* SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

EUGENIA M. BUFFINGTON.....*President*
MARION L. PEELE.....*Vice-President*
SUE SLAUGHTER.....*Secretary*
KATHERINE WILSON.....*Treasurer*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

EUGENIA W. GRIFFIN — LELIA DEW
MARY PARKER — DOROTHY TAYLOR

The Association of Alumnæ and Former Students of Sweet Briar College is still in its infancy, and the actual facts of things accomplished in its history are naturally rather few. Its plans and aspirations, however, are many and large. This Association, a consolidation of two former Associations, was formed last June during Commencement week. Early in the fall the work of enlisting members and organizing all alumnæ and former students into small chapters or groups was begun. As the annual goes to press, many of the chapters are still in the process of making. The New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Norfolk, Tri-State (Kentucky, West Virginia, and Ohio), and Birmingham chapters, however, have been thoroughly organized and are in splendid working order. They're all tackling, right away, the problem of raising money for the Endowment Fund.

According to our Constitution, the purpose of the Association is to keep the alumnæ and former students in touch with one another and with the college, and to promote the interests of the college. And it is in this latter phase that the bigness of our purpose lies, for by it many, many avenues of service are opened to every member.

We're looking forward with great expectation to the coöperation and support of the Class of 1915 and all those going out from Sweet Briar next June. To them we extend our best wishes for all success and good fortune.

EUGENIA M. BUFFINGTON,
President.



STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION 1914 15

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

Student Government Association

OFFICERS

Harriet McNair Evans ---------- *President*
Margaret Grant ---------- *Vice-President*
Louise Weisiger ---------- *Secretary*
Margaret Banister ---------- *Treasurer*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Julia Barber
Margaret Banister
Harriet Evans
Margaret Grant
Anne Schutte
Elizabeth Spahr
Louise Weisiger

HONOR COUNCIL

Louise Weisiger, Chairman
Felicia Patton
Edith Christie
Janetta Fitzhugh
Edna Steves
Elizabeth Spahr
Cornelia Carroll



Officers of Student Government Association

Young Women's Christian Association

OFFICERS

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MARGARET BANISTER ---------- *Vice-President*
FELICIA PATTON ---------- *Secretary*
MARGARET GRANT ---------- *Treasurer*

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

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MARY PENNYPACKER ---------- *Missionary Committee*
MARGARET BANISTER ---------- *Membership Committee*
MARGARET GRANT ---------- *Religious Meetings Committee*
MARY BISSELL ---------- *Extension Committee*
FRANCES PENNYPACKER ---------- *Library and Information Committee*
ANTOINETTE CAMP ---------- *Social Committee*



Officers of Y. W. C. A.



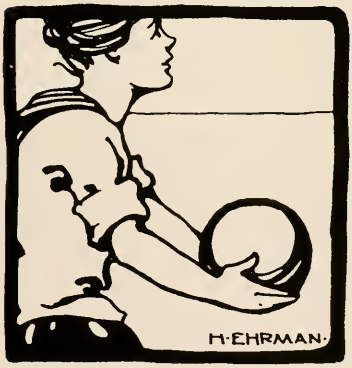
FRANCES CUMNOCK MILLER
Daughter of Annie Cumnock Miller
Graduate of Class of 1910

THE FIRST COLLEGE GRANDDAUGHTER

ATHLETICS









BRIAR PATCH

Athletic Association



OFFICERS

ZALINDA BROWN *President*
CLARE ERCK *Vice-President*
MARTHA DARDEN *Secretary*
HELEN BULL *Treasurer*

Athletics

ONE of the most attractive features of Sweet Briar is the great variety of sports offered by its natural surroundings. There is still, however, the eternal drawback—lack of funds. To the visionary, who has dreams of a perfectly equipped gymnasium, a swimming-pool, a golf course, tennis and basket-ball courts which are always in condition, the present state of affairs is rather discouraging. These are all circumstances which a very few thousand dollars could alter remarkably—but *dreams* are pleasant things!

And so, at times, are the realities. We all appreciate the blessings of our little lake so snugly hidden among the hills. It is not too large, and not too small—in short, it is the happy medium which makes perfection. Every swimmer delights in the cool currents of its depths, and the beginner's soul soars in joy as it sees the inviting comfort and safety of the pen. Lake Day was a great event, with boat races between the classes, swims to the dam, to the first raft and the second. The Seniors quite carried the day—and now the whole college honors 1915 as it waves above the boathouse.

Basket-ball soon turned the lake into a lonely place. Middies and bloomers were regulation uniforms for several months—at first outdoors and then indoors. Teams were picked, and the interclass struggles began. Sophomores lived in delight at the sight of a limping Freshman, and the whole college sympathized with the hard-hit referees, Miss Gascoigne and Miss Chaney. At present the eyes of all are turned to the telling matches between the Special and College teams, and vague rumors of Dormitory teams set ambitious hearts to beating fast.

A bookworm, interested in annuals, delved into the annals of last year's Field Day and came to the wonderful discovery of untold regions of stunts which were waiting for those who did not indulge

in swimming or basket-ball. Shot-put, relays, broad jump, high jump, and other such events beckon invitingly to ambitious seekers of the S. B. We cherish, in our midst, the wonderful knowledge that our "Jimmie," otherwise known as Ellen Hayes, has broken two world records—hop, skip and jump, and the running broad jump. So, after the marvels we have seen her perform, two of them, at least, are to be accepted by the Athletic Committee of Records.

Still the vista broadens! Tennis tournaments—interclass and individual teams. Nine fine tennis courts—with such small drawbacks as poor backstops—daily charm white-robed figures, whom we might consider angels but for their ruby faces. Then again, when those ruby faces seem on the point of bursting into flame, the figures turn and flee to the lake, which ever offers its cool refreshment to hot and weary wielders of the tennis racket.



There are still three small things which must be mentioned: (1) a horizontal bar—the trial of every Carson and Grey grind, for gurgles of delight unceasingly lure the busy student to the window to behold manifold tricks of the deft performer; (2) a *bumble-puppy pole*, whose allurements none of us have as yet desired to inspect, due, probably, to a fear of the sting; (3) æsthetic dancing, the desire and ambition of every awkward student in college. Miss Gascoigne does really, at times, turn some of them into Graces, but some others—ye gods!

Basketball







CLARE ERCK

HEAD OF BASKET-BALL

TEAMS

COLLEGE

Forwards { PURCELL / DARDEN

Centers { ERCK, Captain / BULL

Guards { GRANT / BROWN

SPECIALS

Forwards { LEWIS, Captain / FITZHUGH

Centers { BEESON / BERTRAND

Guards { TAYLOR / SPAFFORD

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE

Forwards { PURCELL (STEELE) / DARDEN

Centers { ERCK / BULL

Guards { BROWN, Captain / GRANT

JUNIOR-FRESHMAN

Forwards { WILLIAMS / HOWISON

Centers { SKILLERN, Captain / RUSSELL, C.

Guards { CARROLL / BARKALOW



Special Team



College Team



Senior-Sophomore Team



Junior-Freshman Team

FIELD DAY





FRANCES LEWIS

HEAD OF FIELD DAY

RECORDS FOR 1914

EVENT	WON BY	RECORD	COLLEGE RECORD
Standing Broad Jump	Harrison, '16	6′ 11½″	Hayes, '11 8′ 1½″
Running Broad Jump	Hayes, '14	14′ 8″	Hayes, '11 16′ 5″
Running High Jump	Shenehon, Sp.	3′ 11″	Hayes, '11 4′ 3″
Hop, Step and Jump	Maurice, '14	28′ 8¼″	Hayes, '11 34′ 5″
Basket-Ball Throw	Maurice, '14	65′ 6″	Hayes, '11 68′ 11″
Baseball Throw	Maurice, '14	184′ 2½″	Maurice, '14 184′ 2½″
Shot-Put	Maurice, '14	28′ 11″	Maurice, '14 28′ 11″
Hurdles	Bissell, '17	9.1 sec.	Matson, '12 5.11¼ sec.
50-Yard Dash	Shenehon, Sp.	7. sec.	Howell, Shenehon 6.5 sec.
100-Yard Dash			Hayes 12.4 sec.
250-Yard Dash	Shenehon, Sp.	32.3 sec.	Shenehon 32.3 sec.


LAKE DAY
SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE 1901
T. BALDWIN BURWELL - 1915



CONSTANCE RUSSELL

HEAD OF LAKE DAY

RECORDS, 1914

EVENTS	WINNER	TIME
Swim to Dam	Erck, '15	8′ 33⅘″
Dash to First Raft	Erck, '15	19″
Beginners' Race	McGeorge, Sp.	
Dash to Second Raft	Erck, '15	50″
Interclass Relay Race	Freshmen	
Boat Race	Specials	3′ 3⅕″

POINTS

Seniors	30 points	Juniors	9 points
Sub-Freshmen	29 points	Specials	8 points
Freshmen	14 points	Sophomores	7 points

TENNIS





ZALINDA BROWN

HEAD OF TENNIS

SINGLES CUP

Betty Newman, Special

INTERCLASS CUP

Purcell, '17
Brown, '17

DOUBLES CUP

Portmann, '14
Brown, '17

Wearers of the SB

Grant, '15	Basket-Ball
Erck, '15	Basket-Ball, Swimming
Pennypacker, F., '15	Basket-Ball
Stockdale, '16	Track
Purcell, '17	Basket-Ball
Christie, '17	Swimming
Darden, '17	Basket-Ball
Bull, '17	Basket-Ball
Brown, '17	Basket-Ball, Tennis




1915





DRAMATICS.



BRIAR PATCH

Paint and Patches



OFFICERS

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REBECCA STOUT *Vice-President*
RUTH WATKINS *Secretary and Treasurer*

COMMITTEE

MISS STEVENSON — MISS BENEDICT
MISS WILSON — MISS WARD
MARTHA DARDEN — REBECCA STOUT
MARGARET GIBSON



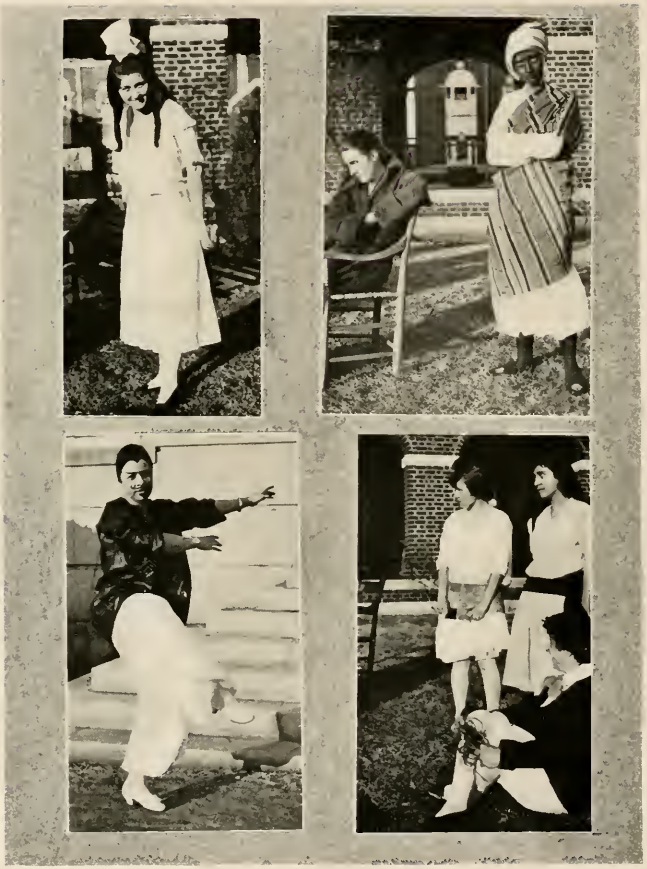
"The Romancers"



"Arms and the Man"
and
"The Importance of Being Earnest"



"The Little Princess"



"The Little Princess"

MERRY JESTER

Merry Jesters Club

OFFICERS

Rebecca Stout ---------- *President*
Martha Darden ---------- *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Ruth McIlravy
Harriet Evans
Rebecca Stout
Nancy Munce
Floy Huntley
Edith Christie
Evelyn Haile
Martha Darden
Ellen Howison
Ethel Tome
Henrietta Crump
Vivienne Barkalow
Mary Bertha Allison
Martha Davenport
Miriam Jones
Louise Jones
Virginia Towle
Lucile Weir
Helen Mason
Grace MacBain
Helen Strohbar
Imogene Burch
Virginia McEwan
Susan Wilson

1915



RIPPLERS

The Ripplers

OFFICERS

Margaret Gibson *President*
Ruth Watkins *Vice-President*
Antoinette Camp *Secretary and Treasurer*

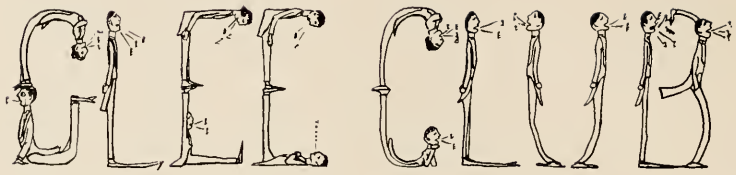
MEMBERS

Anne Valentine
Louise Bennett
Eleanette Sollitt
Rebecca McGeorge
Frances Young
Elizabeth Wilson
Margaret McCluer
Edith Forbush
Charlotte Seaver
Dorothy Day
Elsa Morgenroth
Ruth Plain
Rachel Walker
Virginia Sandmeyer
Clare Erck
Margaret Grant
Anne Schutte
Elizabeth Spahr
Rachel Forbush
Constance Russell
Margaret Gibson
Antoinette Camp

Ruth Watkins



MUSIC



1914–1915

FIRST SOPRANO

E. Curtis
C. Erck
H. Evans
F. Ferris
M. Hatton
E. Holihan
E. Hopper
F. Huntley
G. Kirker
M. MacNulty
E. Molly
B. Owen
H. Redmund
F. Robertson
A. Schutte

SECOND SOPRANO

F. Abraham
M. Bauer
G. Birkhoff
A. Elliott
E. Harper
M. Kaufman
E. Smith
E. Steves
M. Waite
L. Woodbridge

ALTO

D. Day
C. Doremus
V. Eaglesfield
H. Farrar
E. Forbush
M. Gates
A. Sinsel
R. Walker
R. Watkins

Miss Juliette Kirker, *Treasurer*
Miss Helen Young, *Conductor*
Miss Claudine Hutter, *Accompanist*

Orchestra

VIOLINS

Miss Jeanne Alexander
Miss Margaret Grant
Miss Avonne Dycus
Miss Cara Gascoigne
Miss Inez Tress
Miss Cornelia Carroll
Miss Marian Ballou

Miss Gardner ---------- *Viola*
Miss Marguerite Waite ---------- *Violoncello*
Miss Taylor ---------- *Violoncello*
Miss Ruby Walker ---------- *Oboe*
Dr. W. E. Walker ---------- *Flute*
Dr. George E. Walker ---------- *Clarinet*
Miss Claudine Hutter ---------- *Piano*

Miss Charlotte Hull, *Conductor*

Choir

Miss Virginia Estill, *Director*

Marie Bauer
Gertrude Birkhoff
Mildred Bobb
Antoinette Camp
Martha Darden
Cornelia Doremus
Harriet Evans
Clare Erck
Edith Forbush
Rachel Forbush
Margaret Grant
Marian Hill
Floy Huntley
Juliette Kirker
Frances Lewis
Helen Mitchell
Frances Pennypacker
Helen Redmund
Virginia Sandmeyer
Anne Schutte
Alma Sinsel
Rachel Walker
Ruth Watkins
Louise Weisiger
Laura Woodbridge

Miss Hutter, *Accompanist*



Choir



Sweet Briar Noël

SILENT and still that hour before the dawn
When starlight dim as children's drowsy eyes
Soft-silver'd all the lingering spots of snow:
And then—an echo of the angels' song,
Which shepherds heard on fields of Palestine,
Fell faint and sweet upon the frost-touched air,
And lo! before the little band from whom
Came joyous message of the Christ-child's birth,
Two lamps like earth-drawn stars of Bethlehem
Shone bright and fair and ever beckoned on.
Almost it seemed as though some hand of love
Had thrown the veil from off those distant years:
Almost that we might go to bear Him gifts,
Or else that long told years had hastened on:
That earth indeed sent back her glad "Amen."

Oh, happy band of choristers who sang
Until the brightening twilight of the dawn
Had kissed the listening East into the day:
To Him in truth you offered gifts most fair,
For by your carols old that winter's morn,
By hymns that told the wondrous birth, more near
To listening hearts you brought the Son of God.

HELEN DUKE.

Publications



BRIAR PATCH



Sweet Briar Magazine

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CONSTANCE RUSSELL *Editor-in-Chief*
FRANCES PENNYPACKER *Business Manager*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LOUISE WEISIGER — ALMA SINSEL
ELIZABETH SPAHR — ELLEN HOWISON
AMY ELLIOTT

BRIAR PATCH



The Briar Patch

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MARGARET BANISTER *Business Manager*
ANTOINETTE CAMP *Assistant Business Manager*
CONSTANCE RUSSELL *Art Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MARY PENNYPACKER
JEAN STOCKDALE
FELICIA PATTON
REBECCA STOUT



Founder's Day



The exercises of the seventh annual Founder's Day were held in the chapel Friday morning, November the twentieth. The chapel was decorated in a most attractive manner by the Sophomores, who were in charge. The academic procession was led by Miss Genie Steele, followed by the members of the Senior Class, and the faculty.

Mr. N. C. Manson, Jr., chairman of the Board of Directors, introduced the Speaker, Judge Moore, of New York City, who delivered a very fine address. His subject was "Now and Then."



Founder's Day

After this, Mr. Manson gave a short but interesting account of the "History of the United States," written by Judge Moore. The Glee Club, accompanied by the Orchestra, gave "Fly, Singing Bird, Fly."

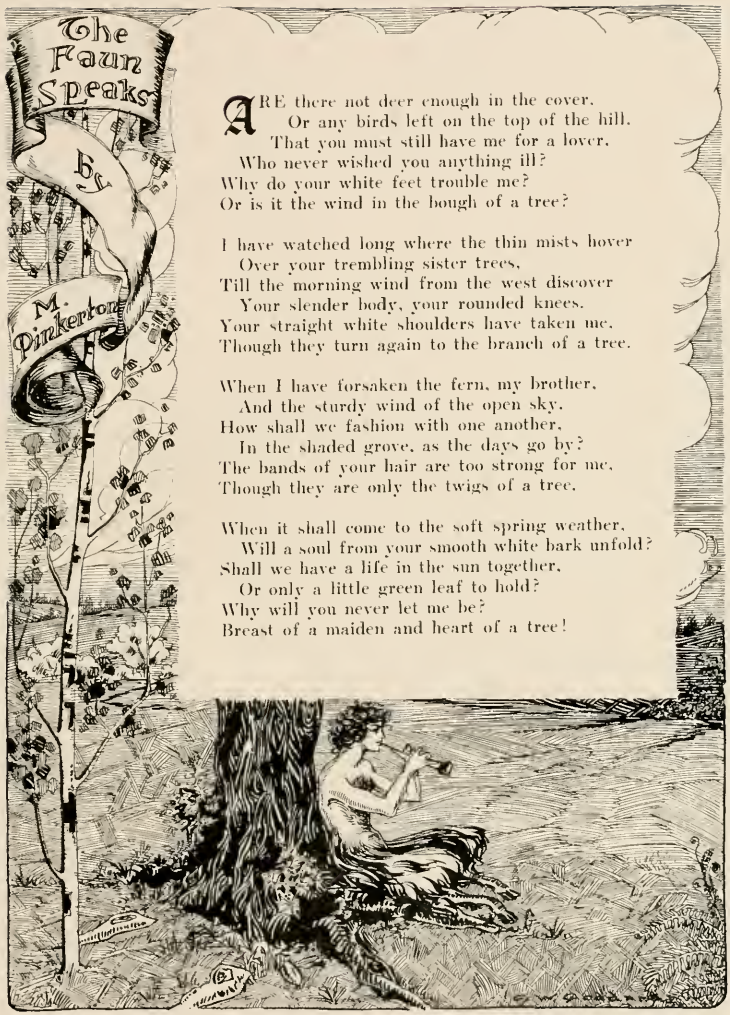
The dance which was held in the evening was under the management of the Founder's Day Committee, with Miss Ruth Watkins as chairman. The music was furnished by the orchestra from the *New Willard* in Washington. About seventy-five couples were present, and the evening was a great success.







Founder's Day Dance



ARE there not deer enough in the cover,
Or any birds left on the top of the hill,
That you must still have me for a lover,
Who never wished you anything ill?
Why do your white feet trouble me?
Or is it the wind in the bough of a tree?

I have watched long where the thin mists hover
Over your trembling sister trees,
Till the morning wind from the west discover
Your slender body, your rounded knees.
Your straight white shoulders have taken me,
Though they turn again to the branch of a tree.

When I have forsaken the fern, my brother,
And the sturdy wind of the open sky,
How shall we fashion with one another,
In the shaded grove, as the days go by?
The bands of your hair are too strong for me,
Though they are only the twigs of a tree.

When it shall come to the soft spring weather,
Will a soul from your smooth white bark unfold?
Shall we have a life in the sun together,
Or only a little green leaf to hold?
Why will you never let me be?
Breast of a maiden and heart of a tree!

The Man in the Dark

CHARACTERS

MR. WALDRÉEN, wealthy banker; a man about sixty-five years old, of an English appearance.
MRS. DORIS WALDRÉEN, his young wife of thirty-two, very chic and charming.
MR. JACK HAWTREE, a bachelor of forty, in love with Mrs. Waldréen.
DUNCAN WORELL, a man who, though about thirty-seven, is not what he seems.
PLACE: Mr. Waldréen's home in New York City.
TIME: The Present.

[*Scene is in the Waldréen drawing-room. This is large and spacious. It opens on a wide hall in the back. There is a grand piano to the right (as viewed by the audience), and a large open fireplace. To the left is a large table with bronzes and a telephone. Very handsome chairs and divans are placed about the room, which is hung in velvet. There is a large curtained window to the left.*

As the curtain rises, there is a good fire burning in the grate, the room is unlighted, and there is a massive bronze lamp, lighted, in the hall.

There is silence for a second; then the front door closes, and Mrs. Waldréen and Jack Hawtree stand in the light of the hall lamp.]

Mrs. Waldréen. Home again! I wonder why these snatches of pleasure must seem so short, and, as they are, I suppose, so dangerous? It seemed to me that I was entering a world of utter joy as we drove away, this evening, Jack, but now it is all over and there is only the dismal reality of distance and aloofness. [*She shivers.*] If you only knew how he freezes me sometimes. This knowing that there is always some one watching your every need and desire is—for a time—perfect happiness; but there is something——

Jack Hawtree. Yes, I know, Doris. I have seen all along what you mean. Still, though I offer you everything, it always seems too high above you, too far from your reach, as you say. Why don't you leave all these things and come with me——?

Mrs. Waldréen. [*Interrupting.*] Hush, Jack, you know my husband is in his study up there, and he may, if he chooses, hear every word.

Jack Hawtree. What if he does hear? It would, perhaps, reveal the fact to him that you are young, beautiful, and accomplished in all the charms which really

fascinate men—— But how can he be blind to them? He knows the whole list of your fascinations, and, lucky miser that he is, he tries to keep you for himself and stays in his lair gloating with selfish elation over the prize which he alone has drawn; not content with this, he tries to keep you in the confinement which might suit a nun—but you—never.

Listen to me, Doris. I love you, have loved you ever since you were introduced to our set. There is nothing which would be too much for me to do for you. Come and fly with me, to-morrow; I have engaged passage to Paris for two; we can go and live! It will be the life you are longing for—a long dream of happiness in which we shall be prince and princess. Will you come, Doris? [*He has taken her hands, and now gently draws her to him.*]

Mrs. Waldréen. If only I believed that it could be as you say! I'd come to you—— [*She looks trustfully but searchingly up at him.*] Can I believe all you tell me? Of course I do; there can be no doubt. For a long time my heart has told me that I can trust you alone. Yes [*she puts her arms about his neck*]. Jack, I will answer your question—I will—— [*A match is struck in the corner of the room by the window. It reveals a man in evening clothes and high silk hat. He has a strong, handsome face and the bearing of a soldier.*]

Mrs. Waldréen. Look, Jack, what—who is that? [*She points to the man.*]

Jack Hawtree. [*Switches on the lights.*] Sir, what does this mean?

Duncan Worell. I beg your pardon, madam, for this unkind interruption to what was about to turn out a very romantic elopement, but, in justice to my cramped position, I could no longer remain quiet; therefore, I thought this the most effective manner of interrupting a serious conversation. Won't you have the kindness to enjoy my presence for a short time?

Mrs. Waldréen. [*Unconsciously enters the room and hands Jack her cloak.*] Will you please tell me what your presence here means?

Duncan Worell. Certainly, madam. I came here with the intention of slipping up the stairs by your husband's study and removing all traces of the diamonds which you very thoughtfully left behind on your dressing-table. I also had planned to relieve you of a few large bills which you left in the care of your maid—beware of whom you trust, madam.

Mrs. Waldréen. You certainly have nerve to stand there unarmed and expose yourself to us when we have every opportunity of raising an alarm or calling the police. I suppose your plea is insanity.

Duncan Worell. No, madam, my plea would be a far different one. We will, however, not discuss the subject any longer. I must think of why I came here. You see, I am a gentleman burglar, and so I must not bungle my profession. The jewels, I suppose, and the money, are in the place I mentioned?

Jack Hawtree. Are you mad, man? Do you suppose I have any intention of permitting you to steal those gems? You will either go as you have come or I shall ring for the footman and have him show you out. [*Turns to Doris.*] What does Mrs. Waldréen say?

Duncan Worell. If I were you, I should really drop the formality. I think *Doris* quite a fine name. It raises memories of former days. I had a sister——

Jack Hawtree. You will oblige me by leaving—is not that your wish, Mrs. Waldréen?

Mrs. Waldréen. Yes, go by the window. I don't care to have the servants disturbed.

Duncan Worell. Softly, madam. I have not finished my duty for this evening. You see, this promises a rich haul; I must really not allow the evening to pass without some reward.

Jack Hawtree. Well, what are you going to do? Faugh! man, you don't suppose I shall let you carry out your intention?

Duncan Worell. No, I don't suppose you would consent to such dishonorable work. There is, however, another little matter which I must settle with Mr. Waldréen. It was not for that purpose I came here to-night, but this seems the most propitious moment for the transaction. I believe you said he was in the study, madam? [*He goes toward the center back.*]

Jack Hawtree. [*In the meanwhile he has lifted the poker from the hearth. He raises this threateningly against the man.*] Get back, sir; I am not allowing you to pass.

Duncan Worell. [*Raises his revolver.*] Put down that weapon, Mr. Hawtree—yes, I know your name—don't be a fool. Whoever heard of a thief who went about unarmed? [*Hawtree puts down the poker. Doris stands before the fire, and Hawtree returns to the center door.*] Rather an isosceles triangle we form. Oh, well, come now, my time is valuable and I can't waste too much of it on you. I must be going—— [*Interrupted.*]

Mrs. Waldréen. Thank heaven!

Duncan Worell. ——but before that I want to make you an offer, Mr. Hawtree. I have very valuable information of which I should like to be unburdened

as soon as possible; will you buy it of me? Of course you will want to know what it is—and it may interest you to know that Mr. Waldréen, up in his study, is a very high bidder for it. Let me see it is worth, I should say, ten thousand dollars—at least I am willing to let it go at that to you, Mr. Hawtree. Still, I lose five thousand because I am too weary to climb the stairs to the library.

Jack Hawtree. I am sure I don't understand. There is no information for which I would pay ten thousand. Surely you are mad! Come, there is a window behind you. Jump out, and we shall let the affair pass as a pleasant piece of amusement.

Duncan Worell. I am sure, when you learn of the nature of the information, that you will think differently.

Jack Hawtree. Pshaw! I'm not interested in anything which could possibly excite Waldréen.

Duncan Worell. That is where you are greatly mistaken. I tell you that you are stealing his most precious possession. [*Doris and Jack both start perceptibly.*] This is my proposition, Hawtree. You will either give me now ten thousand dollars or I shall sell the news of Mrs. Waldréen's decision to her husband. Come, which shall it be? [*Doris has drawn herself up, certain of Jack's support.*]

Jack Hawtree. Well—er—hem. [*He walks up and down very nervously.*] You see, it happens that I am at present financially embarrassed and have not the cash. Anyway, don't you see that it is impossible for you to blackmail, under the circumstances?

Duncan Worell. I should say that is far from the case. Don't you see that I can prove your guilt? [*Hawtree rushes forward to the telephone and raises the receiver.*] No you don't! How careless of me to overlook such a chance when you are around! [*He raises the revolver and then cuts the wires. Steps are heard coming from the study.*]

Mrs. Waldréen. [*Faintly.*] My husband!

Mr. Waldréen. Ah, good evening, my dear Doris and Jack! Who is your friend here?

Mrs. Waldréen. Quite an old friend, Casper; have I not often told you of him?

Duncan Worell. Duncan Worell, at your service, sir! We met at the opera, after many years, and were just having a friendly chat over the grave duties of men toward the uplifting of society in general.

Mr. Waldréen. [*Aside to Worell while Jack argues with Doris.*] I am very glad to know you or any friends of Doris. I am sure that my wife and I are

greatly indebted to you for calling to-night. Indeed, I find that her friends in youth are often a decided improvement over her later acquaintances. [*To his wife.*] I am glad to find that, after all, the rumors I have heard concerning you and Jack are groundless; the third person proves that. I like your friend and should enjoy staying longer, but I must go to work at those bonds again. Mr. Worell, I bid you good night. I hope you will honor us with your presence again. Good night, Mr. Hawtree!! [*He goes back to the study.*]

[*There is a slight pause. Mrs. Waldréen looks questioningly at Jack. Finally Worell, standing at the table, very nonchalantly offers the pen to Mr. Hawtree.*]

Duncan Worell. Come, let us finish this before we have any further interruptions. A check, your signature—that is all—and I shall relieve you both of my burdensome presence.

Jack Hawtree. [*Very excited and nervous.*] I can't do it. I haven't the money. Doris, give him your jewels. [*Agitated.*] You will take them, won't you? They are worth thousands, and the check you ask for will ruin me.

[*Doris, shocked, begins to see through Hawtree.*]

Duncan Worell. My dear man, you remember my offer? Hurry, there is a train which leaves in just a half-hour. Will you take the pen?

Jack Hawtree. [*Pleadingly.*] Doris, won't you help me? I'd do anything for you; do as much for me.

Mrs. Waldréen. I am surprised, Jack; don't you realize that you are jeopardizing my honor? Oh [*she sinks into a chair*], so this is your love! [*She leans on her hands and watches the intruder in a fascinated manner.*]

Jack Hawtree. I have no check book! Oh, of course, I can write you a note!

Duncan Worell. Don't bother! I always carry blanks with me. Fill this out, if you please.

[*Jack rages like a caged animal—fills out the blank—hesitates—then hurls it at the man.*]

Jack Hawtree. There now, Doris, I hope you will believe in my love.

Mrs. Waldréen. No! And, Mr. Hawtree, in reply to your question—my answer to which was so fortunately interrupted— I should suggest that these doors will, in the future, be closed to you.

[*Hawtree stares—gathers his hat, coat, and cane. He goes out, slamming the door.*]

Duncan Worell. [*Looks at the check, takes up his hat, and waits for a word from Mrs. Waldréen.*] Do you think it a good riddance, madam?

Mrs. Waldréen. How can I ever thank you, Mr. Worell? You have saved me from injuring my husband and ruining my own life. [*She offers him her hand.*]

Duncan Worell. Mrs. Waldréen, sometimes life seems full of only semi-joys. Don't mistake them, for they are real happiness. When you have a feeling of comfort and confidence, don't forsake it for the emotions of passion and romance. I showed you, to-night, what romance and youth hindered you from seeing. There is always a glamour over the unknown which makes it seem attractive to us; but beware of the gloss—it wears off. But I must go on my way. [*He lets her hand go.*] Quite a good night's business. [*He tears the check in pieces and throws them in the fire. He goes to the window.*] Good night, madam. [*He is about to spring out, but Mrs. Waldréen stops him.*]

Mrs. Waldréen. Come, you are not a good burglar to-night. Why did you tear up the check?

Duncan Worell. Well—even a thief has scruples. Madam, I am one of nature's own gentlemen, if you will pardon the eulogy. I live not alone from worldly things, but from the satisfaction I obtain in seeing life unfold itself. I have had quite a lesson to-night, and, spiritually, I feel well rewarded. Good night. [*He goes to the window.*]

Mrs. Waldréen. Wait, not that way, please. [*She points to the door.*] This way out. Good night. I shall always remember this night.

Duncan Worell. Good night. [*He goes out; closes the door. Doris gazes meditatively into the fire. The door opens and the same man appears, carrying a light wig. He watches her, then strides forward and takes her in his arms.*] Sis, for the love of Mike, never get into such a mess again!

[*Curtain.*]



The Dell

MAY DAY



BRIAR PATCH

May Day, 1914

It was on a gray and rather breezy afternoon that the old gardens blossomed prematurely, a truly kaleidoscopic mass of gaily colored flowers. In the distance was heard the sound of voices happily announcing the fête of the May Queen. Gradually the boxwood circle became filled with the subjects, who strolled and sauntered about, until suddenly the music began. Instantly the setting changed. Eagerly pressing forward, the blossoms formed an aisle, faces turned expectantly in one direction. Slowly and gracefully appeared the procession of girls, clad in soft rainbow hues, strewing flowers in the path of the Queen. She appeared, a new-found butterfly, a delicate flower, the fair Queen of the May. Graciously smiling on her bowing subjects, she gained the flowery throne. The coronation ceremonies over, she arose and gave fitting welcome to all, and bade them be merry.

Again there was a subtle change. Dancers appeared, and with sinuous arms, skipping feet, and smiling faces, sought favor of their Queen as they danced before her throne. The May pole was wound, unwound, braided and unbraided for her pleasure.



Court, 1914

When all had finished, the Queen arose, and, between aisles of subjects and court, passed out under flowery arches.

FETE IN HONOR OF THE QUEEN OF MAY

The Queen of May.....Ruth Maurice
The Maid of Honor.....Marion Bacharach
Presenter of the Scepter.....Elizabeth Green
Presenter of the Garland.....Jane Tyler

THE COURT

Caroline O'Bannon — May Foster
Ellen Hayes — Rachel Forbush

FLOWER GIRLS

Rebecca Stout — Elsie Palmer



BRIAR PATCH



Ruth Maurice, May Queen, 1914

BRIAR PATCH



Mary Tyler, May Queen, 1913

BRIAR PATCH



Eugenia Buffington, May Queen, 1912



Margaret Cobb, May Queen, 1911

BRIAR PATCH

Commencement Exercises

May Thirtieth to June Second, Nineteen-Fourteen

SATURDAY, MAY 30th

7:30 P. M.—Recital by Pupils of the Music Department
9:00 P. M.—Garden Party

SUNDAY, MAY 31st

11:00 A. M.—Baccalaureate Service
Sermon by Reverend Wallace E. Rollins, Professor of Church History at the Theological Seminary of Virginia

MONDAY, JUNE 1st

10:30 A. M.—Commencement Exercises
Address by Reverend Newell Dwight Hillis, Rector of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York
2:30 P. M.—Alumnæ Meeting
8:00 P. M.—Presentation of "The Little Minister" in the Dell

TUESDAY, JUNE 2nd

10:00 A. M.—Class Day
4:00 P. M.—Interpretative Dancing in the Dell, "The Pipes of Pan"
8:00 P. M.—Class Dinner



Class Day, 1914

BRIAR PATCH

The Little Minister

THE Dramatic Association evidently believes in the policy of saving the best for the last. At least so thought the people who saw the final play, presented in the Dell on the night of June 2, 1914. When a play as universally popular as *The Little Minister* was given the support of excellent acting, the result could not but be a success. The new electric lights showed the scenery to the best advantage. Finally, the stars shone bright, and no "little drops of water" threatened to renew the "mighty ocean" of the previous year.

With a most creditable interpretation of the character, Ellen Hayes appeared as Gavin Dishart, "the little minister." Martha Darden, as Lady Babbie, supplied all the charm and ingenuity necessary for her rôle, and the scenes between hero and heroine won well-deserved applause. Rachel Forbush was Lord Rintoul, a character which she represented with great ability, while Ruth Watkins made a dashing Captain Hallowell. Rebecca Stout was a most appealing little Micah Dow. Harriet Evans brought out the character of Rob Dow to the best advantage. Jane Henderson, Alice Swain, and Rebekah Patton were a very humorous trio of elders, and Dorothy Lydecker, as Thomas Whamond, the chief elder, showed marked ability. Anne Schutte filled to perfection the part of kindly old Nannie Webster. May Foster, too, made a charming Felice. Jane Tyler, as Sergeant Davidson, Edith Christie, as Joe Cruickshanks, and Floy Huntley and Constance Russell, as servants, were all well suited to their parts, and acted splendidly.

MONDAY, JUNE FIRST, 8:00 P. M.

CAST

Gavin Dishart Ellen Hayes
Lord Rintoul Rachel Forbush
Captain Hallowell Ruth Watkins
Lady Babbie Martha Darden
Felice, her Maid May Foster
Snecky Hobart, Andrew Mealmecker, Silva Tosh Elders
Sergeant Davidson Jane Tyler
Joe Cruickshanks, Atheist Edith Christie
Thwaites, Butler Floy Huntley
Thomas Whamond, Chief Elder Dorothy Lydecker
Rob Dow Harriet Evans
Micah Dow Rebecca Stout
Jane Henderson, Alice Swain, Miriam Jones
Nannie Webster Anne Schutte
Jean, Manse Servant Antoinette Camp

COMMITTEE

Margaret Grant, *Chairman*
Esther Roberts, *Stage Manager*
Margaret Gibson, *Mistress of the Wardrobe*
Virginia Sandmeyer
Elsie Palmer

BRIAR PATCH

Story of Pan

I

IT is the day of Pan's great festival when woods and fields smile for their god, and shepherds bring glad offerings to their patron. In a grove Pan and his Satyrs leap and frolic. Suddenly the god sees an altar, built for him by faithful followers. Quickly he climbs upon it while the Satyrs dance in glee before him. But soon three shepherds come to honor the god who has blessed their flocks. The sport is interrupted—the Satyrs hide themselves from mortals' eyes. Only the great god Pan remains, motionless upon his altar like a statue bright and new. Such the shepherds believe him to be. They lay their offerings at his feet and then depart. Just as the shepherds leave, the beautiful maiden, Syrinx, comes wandering through the groves. She marvels at the new figure of the woodland god, and follows the shepherds to ask the meaning of it. Thrilled with pleasure over the maiden's beauty, Pan comes down from his altar and sends the Satyrs for the Winds to help him in his wooing. The South and West Winds obey the summons and promise to search for Syrinx.

II

Syrinx is again wandering through the grove. There the Satyrs see her come to play. For gentle Syrinx they soon become all too rough and boisterous playmates, and she welcomes the appearance of Diana and her maidens, who are ready for the chase. The virgin goddess sternly bids the Satyrs flee, and they obey her orders. She lingers to see the mountain nymphs and moon spirits dance before her, then leads her followers to the chase.

III

The Winds are faithful to the promise made to Pan. They lull the maiden's fears to rest, entice her from the chase, and lead her to the grove where Pan awaits them. He woos Syrinx, but her timid heart is frightened, and she flees. With Arethusa and the water nymphs, who are playing in a stream, she finds protection. Quickly Arethusa acts, and by her power fair Syrinx is changed into a reed. Pan still rushes on in mad pursuit. At the stream he halts—and picks the reed. The nymphs scatter in alarm, and Pan dances off with joy in his heart.

LOUISE WEISIGER.

BRIAR PATCH

CAST OF "PIPES OF PAN"

Pan—Ruth Maurice
Syrinx—Rebecca Stout
Diana—May Foster
Mountain Nymph—Harriet Harrison
Arethusa—Clare Shenehon
South Wind—Louise Bennett
West Wind—Edith Christie
Moon—Jessie Dixon
Shepherd Lads—Esther Nerenzahl, Ellen Howison, Antoinette Camp

SATYRS

Rosalia Feder
Virginia McEwan
Louise Kimball
Lucy Brown
Bessie Whittet
Marion Werster
Ruth Landors
Aida Schaffer
Grace Anderson

DIANA'S MAIDENS

Mary T. Gwathmey
Vera Timpson
Katherine McCallum
Ruth McIlravy
Dorothy Grammer

MOUNTAIN NYMPHS

Gillian Goodall
Genie Steele
Gertrude Piper
Dorothy Schlemmer
Louise Sprague
Juliette Kirker
Rachel Lloyd

MOON SPRITES

Ruth Watkins
Virginia Cotton
Elizabeth Ricard
Hildegarde Storey
Clarissa Starling
Julia Baxter Scott
Hortense Hodges

WATER NYMPHS

Frances Mitchell
Cornelia Mayfield
Clara Root Wortham
Elsie Palmer
Beverley Leake
Gladys Saul
Inez Skillern
Virginia Emmert
Sarah Keith
Marjorie Johnson

COMMITTEE

Miss Gascoigne, *Directress*
Florence Barbour
Clare Erck
Ruth Maurice
Esther Roberts, *Chairman*
Margaret Gibson
Rachel Forbush
Antoinette Camp
Rebecca Patton, *Ex Officio*

BRIAR PATCH



Rebecca Stout
as Syrinx

Jessie Dixon
as Moon Goddess

Ruth Maurice
as Pan

Louise Bennett
as South Wind

BRIAR PATCH



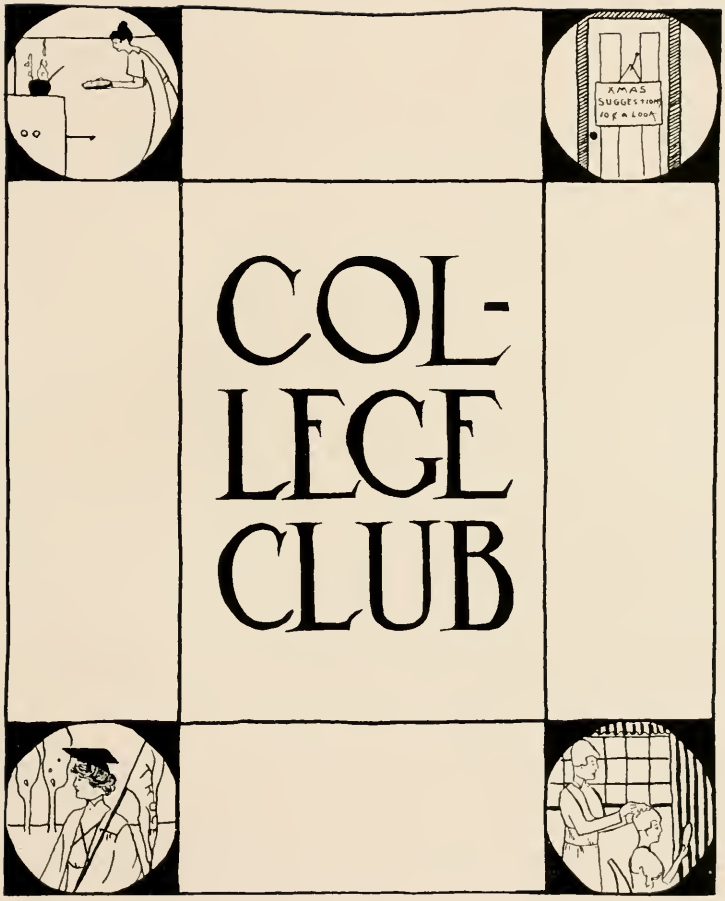
Moonbeams

Clare Shenehon
as Arethusa

May Foster
as Diana

Satyrs





COL-
LEGE
CLUB

College Club

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The Endowment Fund

The fact that the Endowment Fund has been asked to take a place in the annual along with the other important and interesting affairs of college life shows that it has become a real thing at Sweet Briar.

The Fund has taken a remarkable start this year, as all readers of the bulletin-board know. Among the most interesting notices of the year have been those showing the various talents that were being put to use for the Endowment Fund Tutoring, mending, cooking, fortune-telling, and other things too numerous to mention have been carried on by individual girls to swell the Fund. The various organizations, classes, state clubs, and particularly the College Club, have added good-sized sums from time to time. Members of the faculty, too, have contributed, and the spatter work done by Miss Prenez and Miss Liardet has helped the Fund considerably.

From outside of the college, too, has come much interest. The Association of Alumnæ and Former Students is working in many ways for this Fund, and a number of gifts have come through this Association from individuals. The various chapters are planning to raise money in an organized way.

With all this splendid coöperation from every one the Endowment Fund is certain to go on growing rapidly and reach the million mark. Before we aim at exactly a million, we are going to aim from time to time at smaller sums. We are just now aiming at ten thousand dollars. One large gift of a thousand dollars has been promised in case we can bring the total amount to ten thousand by this Commencement, June first. Let us see if we can not accomplish this.

MARY K. BENEDICT.



WOODROW WILSON
HONORARY MEMBER OF THE VIRGINIA CLUB

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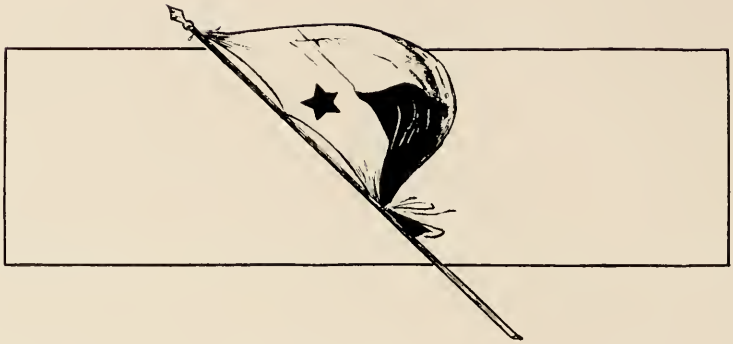
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Marina Stiles
Hildegarde Storey
Helen Taylor

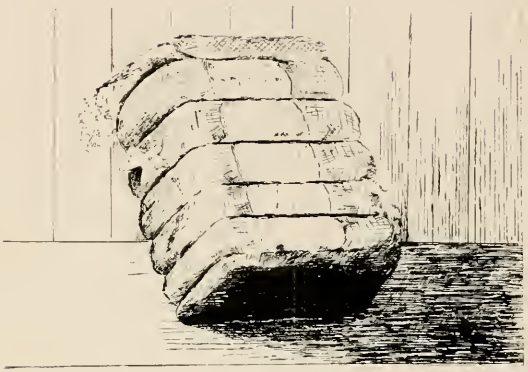


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MOTTO: "Buy-a-Bale"

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DOROTHY WAYNE SYKES, Aberdeen, Miss.
RUTH WATKINS, Minden, La.

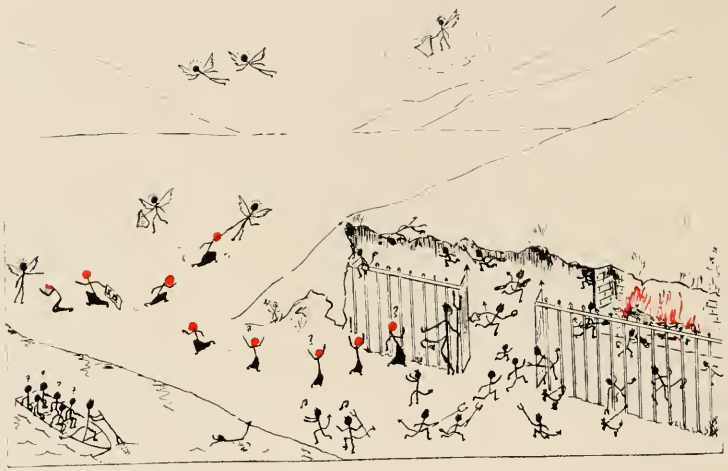


KENTUCKY

Felicia Patton	Catlettsburg, Ky.
Louise Jones	Louisville, Ky.
Virginia Towle	Louisville, Ky.

TENNESSEE

Mary Bertha Allison	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Martha Davenport	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Grace Mountcastle	Knoxville, Tenn.
Ruth Smythe	Memphis, Tenn.
Mary Tutwiler	Memphis, Tenn.



Sorrel Tops

Motto: It is better to blaze here than hereafter!

OFFICERS

Marianne Martin *Head Blazer*
Amy Elliott *Copper Coiner*

MEMBERS

Mildred Bobb — Florence Chapin
Helen Chase — Amy Elliott
Harriet Evans — Marianne Martin
Dorothy Purcell — Ruth Smythe
Elizabeth Wilson

HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. Mary Harley — Miss Katherine Wilson
Miss Aileen Ward — Rev. Thomas Lewis
Thomas Lewis, Jr.

BRIAR PATCH

A PRAYER IN TIME OF WAR

Now, while the earth is shaken
With the rumble of cannon wheels,
Death, on his great white charger,
Spurring hard at their heels,
Counting the roll of slaughter,
Taking their toll of men,
Loud-mouthed Envy and Hatred
Ride out on the wind again.

Now, while the chains that bound them
Are snapped like a tangle of straw,
While we sit in the ashes
At the cold clay feet of law,
Watching so many millions
Of little peaceful lives
Drop in the smoke of battle,
Bees from their burning hives,

Rises a red hand, turning,
For each man's heart to read,
The glare of a great magneto
On an old illumined creed,
While we cried in the churches:
"Peace in our time, O Lord!"
Ever, with gripping fingers,
We clung to the hilt of a sword.

Now, while our legions gather,
Swept on by a thunder blast,
Over the press of people
The armored kings go past,
Now, as we stand for conflict,
As we gird ourselves for strife,
Seeking the face of darkness,
Who barely have looked on life,

Spare us this last transgression,
When the heavens are stripped and bare
That we seek in them a hiding
From the guns' unwinking stare,
Imputing nought to Thy doing,
Enwrapped in no cloaking lies,
May we look on our own creation
With washed and anointed eyes,

Christ, that we made of lilies
And the scent of a young girl's breath,
We see Thee now in terror,
Who went hand-in-glove with Death,
Dare we seek for the greater,
Who was not let to the least?
Can we call Him now for the burial,
Who was not bid to the feast?

Rather than hide His altar
With the draping battle flags,
Or the gilt of our fine embroidery,
That is dropping to tinselled rags,
Better to leave it barren,
Till a houselled and shriven few
Return from the dread confession
To garnish and sweep it anew.





JOKES

BRIAR PATCH

SENIORS VIEWED AND REVIEWED



PRESENT



PAST

MARGARET

I went to the circus, and in blank astonishment
I stared at the fat lady a-sitting in her tent.
A-sitting in her tent was she, a-darning of some hose,
And I recognized Miss Margaret Grant by the dimple in her nose.



FUTURE

BRIAR PATCH

SENIORS VIEWED AND REVIEWED



PAST

HARRIET

Josephus Goheerus (a fictitious name)
Has married H. Evans, of S. G. A. fame.
Each day are his cuff links all polished with care;
She ties up his shoe strings; she parts his back hair.
Josephus is master—in that house there's no strife—
For his word is law to his sweet, yielding wife.



FUTURE



PRESENT

BRIAR PATCH

SENIORS VIEWED AND REVIEWED



PRESENT



PAST

CLARE

We thought we saw her future, a
prima donna great,
But she has "got religion," and has
quite another fate.
Salvation Clare, the convert, now, a
friend to "down-and-outs,"
Who stands upon a soap box and
"Hallelujah" shouts.



FUTURE

BRIAR PATCH

SENIORS VIEWED AND REVIEWED



PAST

"PENNY"

Big Penny always hankered for the
stage. It's done!
She's a vampire in the movies, and
it's lots of fun.
The villain with his knife
Is her husband in real life.
And she counts her little pennies.
counts them one by one.





FUTURE



PRESENT

BRIAR PATCH

SENIORS VIEWED AND REVIEWED



PRESENT



PAST

"SCHUTTE"

Beware this Cleopatra coy;
Beware her wiles, her eyes that gleam—
How piously she used to pray—
Oh, things ain't never what they seem!



FUTURE

BRIAR PATCH

SENIORS VIEWED AND REVIEWED



PAST

"WEISI"

Whizzy vowed she'd Latin teach,
As everybody knows;
But she's a ballet dancer now,
And whizzes on her toes.



FUTURE



PRESENT



Snipe Hunt Carson Flood

College Calendar, 1914-'15

September 22—College opens.

September 23—Y. W. C. A. Reception.

September 24—Classes begin.

"And there did seem in them a kind of joy
To hear of it."???

September 26—*The Romancers* given in Dell in honor of new girls.

"O thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That standst between her father's ground and mine!
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!"

September 27—First church service. Seniors desert the front row and join the "heavenly choir" en masse.

September 28—Dining-room doors close for dinner for first time. Open, Sesame! (Or Dorothy!) But she opened not the door.

September 30—Dramatic trials. "When a feller needs a friend."

October 1—Fall opening of class spirit. Remarkable demonstration of the coming styles.

October 3—Merry Jesters feed their new members.

October 4—A good thing can't be repeated too often. Let's sing hymn 357 again.

October 5—Ripplers hit the hay for Amherst. The last straw!

October 6—"The Elopement of Ellen" (Martha).

October 7—Freshmen arise early and remove Sophomore banner from a tree top. They had insomnia anyway, so say the Freshmen!

October 8—Carson flood. Hear ye the rush of mighty waters.



Hallowe'en Party



Founder's Day Dance

October 10—Sophomore Banquet. Freshmen adopt a new motto: "They also serve who only stand and wait." Lake Day—1915 the victor (or rather, victress).

October 11—Hunting season opens. Miss B. confides to a new girl that she heard a snipe chanting under her window.

October 13—We walk to Paul's. *Wasps!* When they fly they sing most, and when they sit they sting most!

October 17—Tacky Party for Endowment Fund.

October 18—Mr. Abbe takes a trial (snap-) shot. No hits!

October 24—Georgia-Virginia football game.

"Dr. Foster (that's us) went to Gloucester (that's Charlottesville)
In a shower of rain!"

October 26—An interesting prohibition S. G. A. meeting held. Water, in its various aspects, was the topic under discussion, H. Evans discoursing upon how it should *not* be used, and Miss Gascoigne pointing out a few ways it might be utilized.

October 31—Senior play. *Arms and the Man.*

November 7—Professor L'Oiseau delivers a stereopticon lecture on "The War Zone," a bird's-eye view, as it were. (French students please elucidate.)

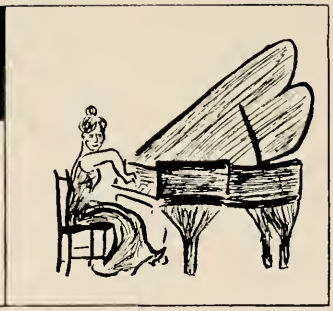
November 9—New Girls' Party. Three loud cheers drown the moans of the "Big Four."

November 14—*Importance of Being Earnest* given by new Merry Jesters.

November 15—We are told many interesting statistics about China. (An investigating committee has set out to join the Chinese pe-rade which is said to be able to encircle the earth.)



THANKSGIVING PARTY



GERMAINE SCHNITZER

NOVEMBER 16—Belgian Relief work organized. "Martha's making Many Mitts and Mufflers."

NOVEMBER 20—Founder's Day exercises, and dance. Chorus from windows: "On my soul, a swain!"

NOVEMBER 23—Juniors entertain Freshmen at Sweet Briar House. The Williams family are reincarnated.

NOVEMBER 26—Thanksgiving. The whole college is fed and warmed by the hospitable Walkers.

NOVEMBER 28—Junior play, *Cousin Kate*.
"The showing of a heavenly effect in earthly actors."

NOVEMBER 30—Freshman Party.
"Clinging each one to a Chinaman's queue,
The old college girls are amused by the new."

DECEMBER 7—Miss Brown and Mlle. Prenez give bazaar for war sufferers.

DECEMBER 8—First fire drill down fire escapes. Girl to another one standing on her fingers: "I *beg* your pardon, but will you please remove your feet from my anatomy?"

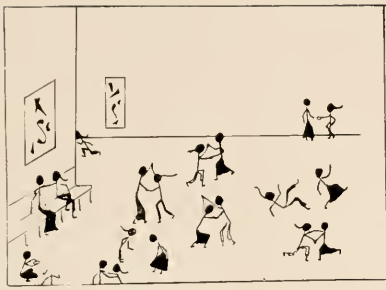
DECEMBER 12—Germaine Schnitzer gives recital.

DECEMBER 13—The Christmas carols.

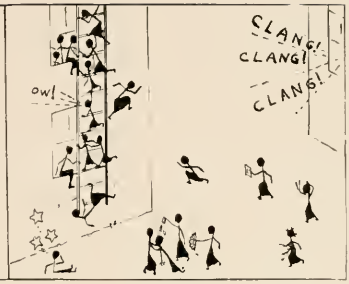
DECEMBER 14—*The Little Princess,* presented by the new Ripplers. It was a moving-picture.

DECEMBER 15—Christmas holidays begin.

JANUARY 5—1915—We return. Louise Weisiger takes a *week* to come back. We expect to see her sitting in the library for four weeks as a punishment.



Freshman Party



Fire Drill

January 12—College Club discusses plays and their management.

"What, a play toward? I'll be an
Auditor, an actor, too, if I see cause!"

January 13—Miss Ward has a select company to tea.

January 14—Mr. McMaster late for class.

Mr. McM: *"Mesdemoiselles, il me semble que vous avez descendu par un escalier, pendant que moi, je monte par l'autre! Maintenant, nous aurons un petit examen!"*

January 15—Poor Pauline!

January 20—Horizontal bar installed.

"The elephant has joints for necessity, not for flexure." This applies to some of us, as well as to the nimble beast before mentioned.

January 24—30—Exams. "Past hope, and in despair."

January 31—Everybody takes a rest but the editorial staff of the annual—and some of them.

February 3—Professor Dewey, of Columbia University, lectures. The members of the Psychology Class try to look as if they understood it all.

February 6—Athletic Minstrel Show. "You have a nimble wit!"

February 15—Recital by Mr. Horatio Connell.

February 20—Glee Club concert. "Fly, Singing Bird, Fly."

February 27—Lady Gregory lectures.

March 6—Sophomore date. A dark and hidden mystery at present writing.

March 12—22—Spring recess.

March 27—Merry Jester-Rippler play.

March 29—Freshman date. The Resurrection of Pauline?

April 9—Mr. Edward Airs. "Hark, hark, the lark!"

April 24—Orchestra concert.

May 3—May Day. "Fair gentlefolk, pray you, be merry."

May 23—29—Exams. "Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end!"

BRIAR PATCH

FROM "THE DIARY OF A PSEUDO-SCIENTIST"

(Dedicated to the True Scientist)

DEDICATION

Though I admire the Isopods,
 Albeit in humble style,
Although I reverently speak
 Of germ and blastostyle,
Of Bugula and Balanus,
 And love to scrape a pile,
My scientific cerebrum
 Grows weary after while.

And my primordial mind reverts
 When terms and classes fail—
I call a Mercenaria, clam,
 And Littorina, snail—
Then I receive from every side
 Such direful looks and bale,
That I should like to have a shell,
 Or wear a coat of mail;
So, hence, I dedicate to you
 My doleful little tale.

That you may know whene'er in lab
 My labels are awry,
When I pass by Perophora
 With an unseeing eye,
And when upon a slide I fail
 Euglena to espy,
Though over empty slides I seek
 With low power and with high,
I do not seek in all these ways
 True science to decry,
But Lembus and Spirostomum
 Are swifter far than I,
And often fail to stop and call
 When they are passing by.
Therefore, think not, whene'er your lamp
 Is gleaming like a star,
And I gaze at your little room
 From lower ground afar,
That I would scorn to have a place
 Where oil-emersions are,
Though I could never hope to live
 With you upon a par.

To Protozoan, Tunicate,
 To sponges fresh and dried,
To dorso-ventral, sagital,
 And transverse sectioned slide,
To embryonic ectoderm,
 And entoderm inside,
To thorax of Potato-Bug,
 With markings striped and pied,
To all the little specimens
 Who in the cause have died,
To all who underneath the lid
 Of science ever pried,
To all who thirst for Ph. D.'s,
 And thirst ungratified,
I dedicate the works of one
 To whom has been denied
The bliss of seeing cilia,
 Although she oft has lied,
When she saw Paramœcium
 Before her swiftly glide.

BRIAR PATCH

And *said* she saw the cilia
In the swiftly moving tide.
The cirri and the membranelles,
And many more besides,
That only Arthropods could see—
Those creatures compound-eyed.
But it is time to go to work,
And let my song subside.

So if my lay seems long drawn out,
And you may think it rough,
Remember that in science
You can never know enough,
And should never give conclusions
Upon a mass of stuff,
For if you draw conclusions
You are nothing but a bluff.

MARY B. PINKERTON, 1913.

SOME NEW AND IMPORTANT THOUGHTS CONCERNING EDUCATION

New and better ideas on the subject of education are rapidly coming into prominence, and nearly every intelligent person now admits that the classroom ought to be a place of entertainment, and that the office of the teacher is primarily to amuse in some manner, instructive if possible. Also, it is becoming quite generally admitted that methods involving any mental effort on the part of the student are not to be tolerated under any circumstances.

A book of the most profound educational value has recently appeared, to which the attention of the French department of every progressive college should be called. This book marks a wonderful advance in the new methods of education, and will never fail to hold the interest of students, since it is concerned with one of the most absorbing subjects of modern science. It is a thrilling account in French of a world's championship pugilistic contest. Of course this book is largely intended for use in men's colleges, but since girls are daily becoming more and more like their brothers, and such scientific sports as wrestling are popular at even a conservative college like Sweet Briar, it is conceivable that such a work might be useful in almost any institution of learning.

Any student who takes up this book, no matter how hard a foreign language may be to him (or her), will be able to understand it almost immediately, for if the French text prove obscure at any

point, he (or she) has only to look at the English translation underneath. For the higher classes, variations in the use of the book may be suggested. For instance, the teacher may read the French text aloud to the class. If any members happen to understand it, these may take notes on the subject matter; others may slumber sweetly, lulled by the tones of the instructor's voice, which should be modulated to a soothing pitch.

The author of this remarkable book, Professor Patrick Krebs, A. B. (Art of Boxing), shows a most profound knowledge of the pugilistic art. In fact, it is on account of his great ability as boxing and wrestling coach that he holds his position of Instructor in French at the Nutville Academy for Boys.

The following extract will give an idea of the rare value of the work:

Dans le premier cercle, le-fils-de-Jean a fait un mouvement circu-
In the first round, Johnson circled
laire autour de son antagoniste, le poule-petit pesanteur combattant,
about his opponent, the bantam-weight champion,
tenant son sentinelle en haut. Sur le coup, il dansa en de près, faisant
keeping his guard up. Suddenly, he danced in close, making
une suite de corporécelles soufflements. L'allumette-poids se hâta, son
a series of body blows. The light-weight rushed, his
souffle débarqua, et le-fils-de-Jean marcha absent. Alors il retourna
blow landed, and Johnson stepped away. He then came back
avec une agitation au plexe solaire, qui fut égaré par la largueur
with a swing to the *solar plexus, that missed by
d'un cheveu. L'espérance blanche s'inclina comme un canard, et fût
a hair's breadth. The white hope ducked, and was
clair en croix de l'anneau, avec son sentinelle en haut, quand l'autre
clear across the ring, with his guard up, when the other
retrouva sa pondération. Ils entrèrent subtilement dans une
recovered his balance. They slipped into a
embrasse, alors ils se querellèrent, la cloche d'alarme resonnant
clinch, then sparred, the gong sounding
justement comme le-fils-de-Jean introduisit une supérieure tranche
just as Johnson thrust in a left uppercut,
au gauche, poursuivant un "jab" aquilin avec le droit. Son opposeur
following a hooking jab with the right. His opponent
tomba, prît le comte, et présenta l'allumette au fils-de-Jean.
fell, took the count, and gave the match to Johnson.

*This expression is of Latin origin, which is all that it is necessary to know about it.

The HANDBOOK of S. B. C.

Sweet Briar Proper.—This is a most appropriate adjective, because there is certainly nothing anywhere in the precincts of S. B. C. to merit the opposite term. The name of our college immediately suggests the idea of a "rosebud garden of girls," no thorns, nothing to do but decorate the campus. The name furnishes a very striking example of dramatic irony, as *per* Dr. Jones' lectures.



To an outsider the girls appear to do nothing but take taxis to Lynchburg, or climb aboard a special train for a football game or a dance at V. M. I., all dressed up in their best dewdads and de-rols (which we know are usually some one else's!). In reality (mark the lugubrious contrast), they are a studious, hard-worked set, always boning for some cruel test, continually driven on to more arduous labor by the fear of flunking. They are content to drape their forms in a simple Hofflin suit, and the prevalent style of hair dressing is attained by one slap of the brush, one yank of the comb, and two invisible hairpins. There is more elaborate preparation, of course, for the young men from neighboring institutions of learning who appear blushing in the Refectory on Saturday and Monday nights. This statement applies only to the young man's owner, and perhaps occasionally to some vain person sitting at an adjacent table, who dons a rag or two in the unconfessed hope of distracting the unlucky youth's attention from his lawful proprietress. Such a spirit of envy and emulation is not to be encouraged, however, and we are strong advocates of the "Hofflins-Forever" movement, as tending to suppress all rivalry in the clothes line.

Education.—The catalogue contains the last word on this subject.

Athletics.—Of arms we sing, and of the basket-ball shark who carelessly tosses the pigskin into the basket for a goal, disregarding entirely the frantic and futile efforts of the guard to guard her. Heroines come and heroines go, but the memory of "Jim" remains as a halo about the head of the past, an ideal to which every would-be athlete would give her best *crêpe-de-chine* negligée to attain. The famous day when she broke two world's records will be forever a tale with which to regale the Freshies in hushed tones, and with assurances that the college has never been the same since she left in a special train (No. 44) amid loud acclamations.

BRIAR PATCH

With a sigh for the good old days, we return to the present. What it takes to run Athletics. Miss Z. Brown is all broken out with, in spite of the fact that her time is so largely taken up in leading the cohorts of 1917 against the Freshmen. She has, however, the able assistance of Miss G. when the aforementioned lady will allow herself to be torn away from Christie and the war news. This association is an important factor in our lives. In fact, each one of us believes in it to such an extent that we walk all the way to the tea-house nearly every afternoon, solely for the benefit to be derived from such strenuous exercise. The rivalry between college and specials gives rise to such enthusiasm that the rooting at the basket-ball games would make a German artillery corps sound like the dying strains of a consumptive gnat.



S. G. A.—We will now consume time to proceed to say a word or so on the subject of S. G. A., which, being interpreted, means "Sure Gifts for All." For the year will not pass away before every girl in the place has found upon her desk, nestling among her love-letters, a *billet-doux* addressed in Miss Weisiger's elegant penmanship, presenting her with a *semi,* or even sometimes a *serious.* To the favorites of Exec. the campus is given as a private promenade. S. G. A. controls our goings in to chapel and our gettings out of the tub, the tone of our voices and the amount of light we can not have after 10:30. It is omnipotent and omnipresent, and we can't run away from it because we're it!

Y. W. C. A.—Next we take up Y. W. This is a charitable institution dedicated to foreign missions. Its protegées are Belgium and the Indian Mission. It hopes to be able, before the war is over, to present every Belgian with at least one woolen mitten (he can sit on his other hand), and also to build a macadam road from Sweet Briar to the Indian reservation for the convenience of Polly Bissell.

The Endowment Fund.—This is the common bond which unites every class in Sweet Briar, because everybody is trying to get money out of everybody else, "for the Endowment Fund." This, of course, requires almost diabolical ingenuity. Dignified Seniors have condescended to darn hose for a price (small holes, 10 cents; large ones, 25); those who attain to an average grade of C— in Latin or French claim to be proficient tutors in those subjects; others with less imagination become hairdressers and masseuses. And so it grows! Instead of "Buy-a-Bale," our motto is "Make-a-Dollar!"

BRIAR PATCH

The Tale of the Tea House



This is the little old tea-house:



This is the maiden, skinny and "new,"
Who went to the little old tea-house:



These are the eyes so big and blue,
The eyes of the maiden, skinny and "new,"
Who went to the little old tea-house:

These are the eats, so tempting and sweet
(Such food is, indeed, a very rare treat),
Seen by the eyes so big and blue,
The eyes of the maiden, skinny and "new,"
Who went to the little old tea-house:

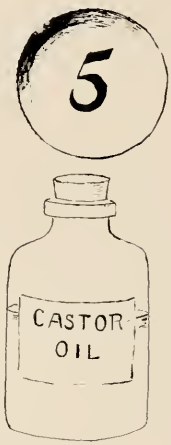


This is the purse, so slender and small,
That must pay for the sundaes, drinks, salad, and all,
Seen by the eyes so big and blue,
The eyes of the maiden, skinny and "new,"
Who went to the little old tea-house:

BRIAR PATCH

This is a nickel, five cents,—no more;
'Twas all that escaped through the tea-house door;
Escaped in the purse, so slender and small,
That paid for the sundaes, drinks, salad, and all,
Seen by the eyes so big and blue,—
The eyes of the maiden, skinny and "new,"
Who went to the little old tea-house:

This is a bottle of castor oil,
The "meddy" from which we all recoil,
Bought with the nickel, five cents, no more—
Five cents that escaped through the tea-house door,
Escaped in the purse, so slender and small,
That paid for the sundaes, drinks, salad, and all,
Seen by the eyes so big and blue,—
The eyes of the maiden, skinny and "new,"
Who went to the little old tea-house:



Omar on Exams

A four months' loaf this madness did prepare,
 This frenzied boning while your locks you tear.
Grind, that you may at least achieve a C;
 Grind, to avoid D's, flunking, and despair.

But when you're certain that in all you passed,
 And that dread week is over quite, at last,
Loaf, for the finals yet are far away,
 "And lose yourself in a contentment vast."

BRIAR PATCH

Nursery Rhymes

Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!
I hear a snipe! Come, birdie, come!
Be he near, or up in the sky,
I'll grind his bones to make me pie.

Sing a song of Seniors—
To the choir they go—
Six solemn Seniors
Seated in a row.
When the service opens,
Those Seniors seem to sing,
But if they really make a sound
Is quite another thing.

Who killed the Lady of Lyons?
"We," the Sophs said,
"We killed her dead,
We killed the Lady of Lyons."

Who'll be chief mourner?
"I," said Lyn,
"I'll mourn with a grin,
I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll make her shroud?
"I," said Perk,
"With a pull and a jerk,
I'll make her shroud."

Who'll be the parson?
"I," said M. Darden,
"I'll beg for her pardon,
I'll be the parson."

Who'll sing the psalm?
"I," said Floy,
"Because I'm so coy,
I'll sing the psalm."

Who'll carry the coffin?
"We," yelled the class,
"Round the refectory we'll pass,
We'll carry the coffin."

All the Freshmen in school
Fell sobbin' and sighin'
When the procession passed by,
Poor Lady Lyons!

There was a girl at Sweet Briar—
She was not wondrous wise—
She didn't want to study,
So she blamed it on her eyes.

She went to Dr. Harley
To try to get excused—
Instead she got some castor-oil,
And now she's got the blues.

Twinkle, twinkle, little light,
We see it twinkling every night;
When down the hall the watchman comes,
Just watch the girls slip in their rooms.



BRIAR PATCH

Mary, be nimble,
Mary, be quick,
Climb on the bar
And do us a trick.



And she did.

A biology student named Schutte
Caught a frog by his left hind leg, but he
Gave a squirm and a leap:
"If me you would keep,
You will have to hold tighter, Miss Schutte!"

I

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye,
Three unhappy proctors, 'fraid to close an eye.
Just as soon as lights are out the girls begin to play—
Isn't it a dreadful shame to laugh out loud that way?

II

Julia's down in her room calmly sawing wood;
Harriet's "sleeping peaceful," having studied all she could;
In rush all the proctors, madly tearing out their hair:
"Oh, come and help us stop the fuss that's going on out there!"

I

The soldier men of Europe
Are in an awful fight.
We all sit around and knit them socks,
And mourn for such a plight.

II

Miss Sparrow keeps a cheerful smile—
War horrors her don't reach—
She only sees more battles, dates,
And lovely names to teach.

A is for Weisiger, teachers' delight.
B is for steady girls, not quite so bright.
C is for those who can loaf and get through.
D is for boneheads like me and like you.

BRIAR PATCH

WHAT HAPPENED

(Apologies to Kipling)

Southern train and S. B. bus
 Took us from our mothers,
Took us to a strange new place
(Five bleak dorms upon the place)
For nine long months—an endless space—
 With two hundred others.

There we met with faculty
 Set in office o'er us;
Faculty and S. G. A.
"Now we'll have a test to-day!"
"Sh! You're reported!" hear them say,
 For the love they bore us.

So we learned from faculty,
 Knowing not its uses,
When we'd flunked a test or two,
And could not go to W. L. U.,
Our daily work we'd better do,
 And not invent excuses.

This we learned from S. G. A.,
 Ruling in our quarters:
Quiet it was best to be,
Whispering in lowest key,
Or a stay-at-home we'd be,
 Campused by their orders.

Now we model students are,
 Though once so fresh, and bad, too!
To get an A we never fail:
Against S. G. we no more rail;
And if you don't believe this tale,
 Nobody said you had to!



ABOU BEN FIRE-DRILL

(With apologies to Hunt)

A Sweet Briar student (may her trials cease!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And heard, without the transom of her room,
Making a noise like a huge German bomb,
The fire bell, long and furiously tolled.
Exceeding air had made the student cold,
And to her roommate in the room she said:



"What hearest thou?" The roommate raised
her head,
And, with a drowsy look of pain and woe,
Replied: "A fire-drill, in this sleet and snow!"
"And art thou going?" she asked. "Not so!"
Answered the roommate. Then she spoke
more low,
And wearily still, she said: "I pray thee, then,
Let's cut the drill, unless for us they send."
The roommate groaned, and slept. On the
next day,
For fire-drill cuts a little note did say,
And showed the names who owed a quarter's
fine—
And lo! the student's name headed the line.

BRIAR PATCH

The Clever (?) Things We Say

RULES TO BE POSTED ON THE DOOR OF EVERY ROOM

RULE I: Do not discuss religion or the Civil War.

RULE II: Do not ask to borrow theme-pads, stamps, bedclothes, fountain-pens, or anything else that is thy neighbor's.

RULE III: Do not ask for any eats: just help yourself, and do not leave until there is nothing left but you.

RULE IV: Do not remark about the beauty of the room, or the view from it. *We* know they are the best in college.

RULE V: It is absolutely forbidden to interrupt any letter-writing going on in this room.

RULE VI: Do not use any profane language, as the "Age of Innocence" is on the wall.

RULE VII: Do not slaughter any ants. This is no Happy Hunting Ground.

RULE VIII: Do not sing in this room. The plaster is already blue and cracked.

DR. JONES: Dumas, fils, who wrote this book, was the son of the elder Dumas. You know, he was a negro.

C. R. (just awaking): Oh, were they *both* colored?

NEW GIRL (phoning to Amherst livery): Be sure to send me a horse with a pommel.

J. R.: Say, King, I've got a new name for you, instead of "roommate" it is——

C. K. N.: What is it?

J. R.: Messmate!

College bred—a four years' loaf.

BRIAR PATCH

(Seen in a History notebook): The decay of the papacy was caused by the decay which set in, in the papacy (!).

Dr. Jones: What is the end of culture?

Flippant Freshman: Either C or E, depends on which way you look at it.

"When are you going to pay that dollar you owe me?"
"How's that?"
"I say, it's time you paid me that dollar you borrowed."
"Can't hear a word you say."
"Wait a minute, I'll write it down."
"No use, can't see without my glasses."

Grammerite: It and I were busy to-day coming over to dinner.
Me: Yes?
Grammerite: It rained, and I ran.

C. E.: Harriet didn't groan so much over exams this year.
H.'s Small Brother: Yes, she's *out-grown* that. (Help!)

Me: I climbed up my family tree the other day.
You: Find anything hanging there?
Me: Yes, a couple of nuts!

New Girl: Who is this girl S. G. A. that has signs all over the place?

Mlle. Prenez: Do you call that tree a pine? Oh, yes, I know, a *porcupine!*

Heard one night in the Senior Study at 12 P. M. (How *could* they do it?):

M. G. (opening her mouth and knocking on her head): My head rings because it's hollow!

C. E. (doing the same): Mine won't, because it's cracked! Ha! Ha!

Little Mouse (under the table): Music of the spheres!

WE wish to acknowledge our great indebtedness to Helen Beye, Helen Ehrmann, Margaret Caldwell, Elise Russell, Bessie Landes, Roger Bear Clare Shenehon, Jane Henderson, and Mary Pinkerton, as well as to those now in college who have contributed their assistance.

We are especially grateful to Mr. Graham Cootes for his kindness in drawing the frontispiece.










15 ft


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[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

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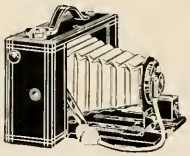
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